National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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VOL. XV. NO. 2. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1854. WHOLE NO. 730.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

The Press on Nebraska.

NEBRASKA AND OUR DUTY.

IN the presence of a great peril, calmness is the first requisite. The Nebraska organization bill, involving the repeal of the Missouri inhibition of Human Slavery in that portion of the territory of the United States lying north of the parallel of north latitude 36 deg. 30 min., has passed the House of Representatives. The concurrence of the Senate in the amendment of the House, and the signature of the President, are matters of course—indeed, will both probably have been rendered before this will greet many of its readers. The Supreme Court will not decide—as we think clearly it ought to—that the Missouri Compromise was a compact indissoluble save by the concurrence of all the parties affected by it. There is no room for further effort in resistance to the clothing of this great wrong with the semblance of legality.

While there was a chance, we resisted the passage of this bill to the utmost—if not always skillfully and wisely, at least earnestly and faithfully. We cannot now, in this moment of defeat and humiliation, perceive that we have neglected any opportunity, as we certainly have grudged no effort, to obstruct and prevent its passage. That our course throughout the struggle has not met the approbation of the friends of the measure, is not surprising. We did not cater for their praise, and we are not dismayed by their censure. Under such circumstances—with a feeble and time-serving Executive, constituted by pro-slavery partiality and writhing under the suspicion of having forfeited that favour—with a Congress in good part new, the more devoted to Slavery of the two great National parties overwhelmingly ascendant, a Slavery propagandist presiding over either branch, and the whole patronage of the government unscrupulously wielded in its behalf—it is not amazing that even such a measure should have been carried by a small majority. There never before was a Congress—we believe there will not soon be another—in which this measure could have prevailed. It is the fitting termination of the race which a majority of the last Whig National Convention undertook to run with its great antagonist in servility to slave-breeding and treason to Human Rights—the Corinthian capital of the tall column on which History is inscribing the recreancy of this country to its proclaimed principles, its duty, and its destiny.

—But the past is irrevocable—let it be past. What is now to be done?

What seems to us, on a hasty survey, most fit and feasible on the part of the opponents of this great wrong, is as follows:

I. *A perfect union of all earnest opponents of the Nebraska Iniquity to procure its repeal.*—This ought not to be prevented by the cry which will at once be raised by the Douglas-disciples that the act *can't* be repealed, because of the power of the South in the Senate. Remember that the South has never once asked, during the thirty-four years' existence of the Missouri Restriction, for its repeal—did not propose it now—has manifested no general and hearty desire to secure it—but gave nearly a dozen votes in the two Houses against such repeal, even in spite of the dreaded obloquy of being classed with Abolitionists. Let the North send to the next House a nearly unanimous delegation to demand the restoration of the landmark just removed, and there will be at least half a dozen Southern Senators ready to co-operate in such restoration. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in *ourselves*," if this great crime be not speedily as well as signally rebuked. If we see fit to persevere in quarrelling about immaterial or bygone problems, and allow Slavery Extensionists to be elected to represent us in the next Congress, the wrong will be perpetuated, though not intrinsically irreparable. But if we agree to lay aside for a time all past prejudices, to overlook all minor differences, and elect our next Congress expressly to demand a restoration of the vast domain justly wrested from us, we are morally certain to carry it.

To this end, we should willingly concur in the re-election of all those Members of the present House who have steadily, faithfully and zealously opposed the Nebraska scheme, in utter disregard of their views of general politics, provided they see fit to come heartily into the movement for electing a new House on this ground. But we must not be asked to support those double-dyed traitors who, professing the most determined hostility to the bill, and voting against it on the final question, yet voted with its friends on preliminary divisions, whenever they fancied they might do so without incurring exposure, and thus essentially aided its passage.

II. *Immediate, energetic and comprehensive organization to aid the migration of freedom-loving settlers to Kansas.*—The cause of equal civil rights is put at hazard, not absolutely sacrificed, by the passage of this nefarious bill. Nebraska proper (lying west of Iowa) may possibly shield itself against the irruption of Slavery; Kansas cannot reasonably be expected to do so. It lies exactly west of slaveholding Missouri, with slaveholding Texas on the south and slaveholding Arkansas close at hand, while a little knot of Missouri slaveholders and their tools, mainly in the pay of the Federal Government, have forestalled everybody else in squatting on its soil. To repeal an inhibition of Slavery under such circumstances, is virtually to invite the introduction of the scourge, and expose the few honest, conscientious men already in the Territories, to be overwhelmed and crushed down as the true men in Congress have just been. The cause of freedom in Kansas must be strengthened by the immediate migration thither of faithful, intelligent, high-principled settlers from New York, New England, Ohio and the Free West; and, to aid and direct this emigration, auxiliary societies should be formed in each State and city, to select and commend men who can be relied on to exert a good influence on the struggle now impending. An able and fearless Anti-Slavery journal should be established in the new Territory forthwith; clergymen of the right stamp should be induced to go there, and every honest means employed to dissipate the dark cloud now brooding over our western borders. Some men of the right stamp, peculiarly fitted for pioneer life, must be aided by those who know them well, to reach the disputed Territory, and erect cabins there, though great care must be used not to perpetrate one wrong in resisting another, by encroaching on the rights of the Indian tribes. Our adversaries will set up their standards in the territory in the panoply and pay of the Federal Government, while the soldiers of Freedom must look out for themselves. But we have many compatriots in Missouri, and a strong current of German immigration can be directed upon the new territory early next spring, provided the Indian title shall meantime be extinguished and conditions favourable to immigration from the Old World secured. It will be worse than useless to send people to Kansas who will not know how to subsist and take care of themselves when there; but five thousand picked men, to whom a winter on the plains has no terrors, can be sent there this season, to be followed by their families and friends early in the ensuing spring. If, to secure the migration and settlement of the right men, a million dollars should be requisite, it ought not to be difficult to raise that sum. And if the more southerly Territory be saved, the more northerly will pretty surely take care of itself.

—It seems hard that the free States should be exposed, by the wanton repeal of a solemn compact, to the certain sacrifices and possible mischances of a struggle like this—it is especially hard that the burden and the peril should be imposed upon them by the votes of a large portion of their own Representatives. But the time has passed for expostulations, for murmurs, though not for retribution. There is work to be done which cannot wait, and positions to be secured which a brief delay may turn against us. Others will more clearly indicate what is to be done; we only urge that whatever is incumbent on the advocates of Freedom and Equal Laws in the new Territories must be done, and that immediately.

These are hours of trial—to many, doubtless, of discouragement also. There is rejoicing around the auction-blocks of Richmond, the slave-pens of Charleston, and a wilder revelry in the midnight orgies of the dealers in human sinews generally, at the prospect of new markets opening for their merchandise at once in the South and in the West. They remember how the purchase of Louisiana put up the price of their staple at least twenty-five per cent.; how the Annexation of Texas gave it another heavy lift; and they naturally say: "Here is another windfall for us in the passage of our trusty Douglas's Nebraska bill." But others, as exulting and sanguine as they, have been disappointed ere this, and *their* turn may have now come. We will believe it has, and at all events shall struggle to make it so. For this is not an age of the world in which new domains can be opened to slave-drivers without an instinctive shudder convulsing the frame of Humanity in every civilized portion of the globe. "The stars in their courses fight against" the further enslavement and brutalization of the terrestrial image of God. Nothing but the immense preponderance of pecuniary gain on the side of those immediately interested in Slavery could keep it alive ten years longer. It will have to raise the pay of its sophists, lay and clerical, or it will not be able to retain any who command respect in its service much longer. And, whatever may be the issue of the immediate struggle, we will unswervingly trust that the forces are silently maturing which shall rid our land, ere many years, of the scandal and crime of enslaving and auctioneering the countrymen of Washington and Jefferson—nay, we will trust that even the outrage just consummated, which seems for the moment so disheartening, shall in God's good providence be made signally instrumental in hastening that glorious day when the sun shall look down on no American slave.—*Tribune.*

PASSAGE OF THE NEBRASKA BILL—THE CONSTITUTION TRIUMPHANT—THE GREAT REVOLUTION AT HAND.

THE passage of the Nebraska bill is one of those great events which, in a nation's history, inaugurate a political revolution, and a new cycle in political affairs. It is the triumph of a great principle over temporizing expedients—of the constitution over sectional fanaticism, and of popular sovereignty over the usurpations of Congress. It settles the Slavery question in the Territories upon the broad and comprehensive basis of the organic law of the republic—it removes this vexed and harassing sectional issue out of Congress, and delivers it over to the people of the Territories, where it properly belongs. It establishes a precedent of universal application to all future acquisitions of territory, North or South, without further agitation or controversy. It is an adjustment of the trouble upon the only satisfactory foundation; a simple, conclusive and final adjustment. Hereafter, the question of Slavery or free soil will be left to the people of every Territory, and to their final judgment upon their application for admission as sovereign States into the Union. They will be as free to decide upon the subject for themselves as the sovereign State of New York.

Thus is the protracted and fearful struggle upon the question of Slavery in the territories of the last seventy years brought to a practical conclusion. It was commenced with the *projêt* of the federal ordinance in 1784, and the corner stone of all succeeding sectional controversies upon the subject was laid down in the establishment of the ordinance of 1787, interdicting Slavery "forever" in the territories northwest of the Ohio river, ceded by Virginia to the United States. That ordinance was the work of the rump of the Old Confederation, anterior to the adoption of the constitution. The great blunder, to which all the succeeding blundering interference of Congress in the Slavery question is fairly attributable, is the precedent of that ordinance of 1787, notwithstanding the fact that with the adoption of the constitution, in 1789, the Old Confederation and its loose and incoherent policy were superseded by a new order of things. Unfortunately, too, for the peace of the country, after the adoption of the constitution, in several instances, the ordinance of 1787 was re-affirmed and enforced in the territories to which it was applied. In this way the precedents were furnished upon which the treasonable remains of the old federal party, in the Hartford Convention, introduced the agitation of the Slavery question as an active element into the party politics of the country.

That movement of the Hartford Convention scattered the seeds of Abolitionism broadcast over the Northern States, as was abundantly developed in the fierce agitation of 1819 and 1820, which resulted in the adoption by Congress of the Missouri compromise. This compromise was a sectional bargain forced upon the South by the pressure of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North, and acquiesced in by Southern politicians and statesmen as a matter of policy in view of an approaching Presidential election. It was a temporary armistice, and liable to be broken at the discretion of either party, as any other compact made in violation of established law.

The first step in the abandonment of such temporizing bargains as the Missouri compromise was taken by Congress in the acts of 1850, organizing the Territories of Utah and New Mexico. And this recurrence to first principles was mainly due to the example thrown in upon Congress by the people of California in assuming the right, and in exercising the power, to decide upon the question of Slavery for themselves. The Nebraska bill, in following up the policy adopted in reference to Utah and New Mexico, establishes this policy of the sovereignty of the people over their domestic institutions. It is a substantial declaration by Congress that they have no power over Slavery, neither in the States nor in the Territories; but that in the Territories, as in the States, it is a subject which belongs entirely to the people. This is the true constitutional doctrine, and the constitution is a rock upon which the country, the North and the South, may securely stand. Doubtless we shall have agitation and excitement enough for a season, and a frightful slaughter among the smallfry politicians of the hour; but the Union and the constitution will come out of the "noise and confusion" all the stronger, and the more cohesive in the end.

In its immediate effects we regard the passage of the Nebraska bill as an emphatic condemnation of, and a solemn warning to, the administration. In this act Congress have rebuked the Free Soil spoils policy of Gen. Pierce, and have repudiated the Anti-Slavery elements of his Cabinet, and the whole fraternity of his Van Buren Free Soil office-holders. The judgment of Congress is deliberate and clear; and in obedience to this mandate of the immediate representatives of the American people, it is proper that the executive at Washington should understand the duties of his position and act accordingly. His Free Soil policy is reproved, his Free Soil appointments are condemned. If he intends to abide by the platform of the Nebraska bill, his course is plainly defined. He must give up his programme of a Free Soil coalition of spoilsmen as the basis of the Democratic party. The party in Congress have elected them. He must repeal and reject all that he has done to strengthen the Free Soilers and to weaken the national Democrats, and begin his work over again with a reconstruction of his Cabinet of national men, identified with the national and constitutional principles of the Nebraska bill, in their antecedents, associations, and inclinations. He must reject Marcy, as "weighed in the balance and found wanting," his Anti-Slavery confederates in the Cabinet, and all the herd of Free Soil Anti-Slavery spoilsmen that have crept into office and into power, under cover of the Buffalo and secession coalition of March 4, 1853. The action of Congress upon Nebraska calls for this, and for a thorough revolution, from stem to stern, in the policy and in the appointments of the administration. The Van Buren Anti-Slavery faction in the Cabinet, in Congress, and elsewhere, have been excommunicated by act of Congress from the Democratic party; and with the signing of the Nebraska bill the President should confirm the honesty of the act, by signing also the political death warrant of Marcy, and all the treacherous factionists who cling to his skirts. "To the victors belong the spoils"; but the national Democracy in Congress are the victors, and the Anti-Slavery imposters should all be turned adrift, from a sense of public duty resulting from the passage of Nebraska.

We entertain no very remarkable degree of admiration for either Jefferson Davis or Caleb Cushing, as public men. The one is a secessionist, and the other a trimmer. But they have been true and consistent upon Nebraska, and in this view their previous mortal political offences may be charitably overlooked. It would be perfectly justifiable, therefore, and consistent with the Nebraska bill, should a reconstruction of the Cabinet be resolved upon, beginning with the expulsion of Marcy—it would be, perhaps, a good move to put Cushing or Davis into the State Department. Either of them, no doubt, at this important crisis, would be more efficient in the management of our foreign relations than Marcy. At all events, the passage of Nebraska is equivalent to the rejection of Marcy by both Houses—to an order for a new Cabinet, a new policy, and a new schedule of appointments, comprehending the absolute rejection for the future of all Free Soil partisans, affiliations, or principles, from first to last.

Let this line of action be adopted—let the administration co-operate with Congress in the introduction of a domestic policy in all things, resting upon the constitutional and national principles of the Nebraska bill, and General Pierce may yet escape the otherwise inevitable fate of being Tylerized and Taylorized and utterly abandoned by his party. But let the administration heartily repent of its errors, confess to the judgment of Congress, and take a new departure in the right direction in home affairs; and let this be followed up with the right spirit, in regard to Cuba, Honduras, and Mexico; and we shall take a fresh start in the expansion, progress, and prosperity of our country, which will defy all European balances of power upon this continent, and excite the wonder and admiration even of our enemies.

We hail the passage of this Nebraska bill as the harbinger of a great and glorious political revolution, comprehending the purification of the Democratic party, the destruction of the Abolition agitators of all parties, and possibly (for we are not sure of it) the redemption of the administration, and the washing it clean of all the stains of its Anti-Slavery and Free Soil affiliations, beginning with the expulsion of Marcy. How plain is the path before us guided by the lights of the constitution!—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE PERFIDY ACCOMPLISHED.

THE Nebraska Bill has passed. Our worst forebodings are realized. A meagre majority of thirteen, bought over by promises or drilled in by party tactics, have decided that Slavery shall henceforth be a National institution, an aggressive system, a permanent and growing interest in our national policy.

What now remains for the friends of freedom and of the Constitution? First, *action*, prompt, energetic, comprehensive, unanimous ACTION, upon the field where liberty is threatened. Let Kansas be taken at once in the name of freedom, by colonies of free, enterprising, religious men, moving by hundreds and by thousands, selecting the best points, and carrying with them the Christian ministry and the free press. For this let money be poured forth like water. Here we may have a Colonization Society that will tell directly against Southern chattelism. Let freemen possess the soil and keep it free. Who will volunteer in this great crusade of Liberty?

Next, there remain to us courage, faith, and hope. It is in the power of the North to prevent the admission into the Union of any State that may be erected in those territories. For this there must be united, concentrated action. All party distinctions must be merged in the one great contest for liberty. Is there spirit, patriotism, principle enough at the North for this? Let each man carry this daily in his thoughts and in his prayers. Let him speak of it to his neighbours. Let him prepare to give his testimony efficiently at the polls.

The strife of principles is not ended; it is only begun. Heretofore Liberty has been national; Slavery sectional. Shall this order be reversed? Shall Slavery become a national institution, and Liberty only a sectional privilege, to be more and more restricted as the behests of Slavery shall demand? This is the question for every American to ponder. This is the question for the North to settle. —*Independent.*

THE NEBRASKA BILL PASSED.

IT is with no satisfaction that we refer to what we have all along said of the Nebraska bill, that with such a House of Representatives as we have at Washington, there was very great danger of its success. Yesterday the bill passed by 113 votes to 100, a meagre majority, it is true, and meagre as it was, an artificial and factitious majority, in which men's votes were at variance with their convictions. The administration have been actively and openly canvassing for the votes of members, ever since the bill was sent to the Committee of the Whole. The Washington *Star*, one of the journals by which the measure has all along been sustained, spoke only two or three days since of the general rumour that clerkships in the public offices were to be conferred upon the friends of members who voted for the bill—a rumour which was treated as authentic, and which nobody has taken the trouble to deny or discredit. Indeed, it is well understood, that all the influence of patronage and solicitation has been exerted by the President to secure the passage of the bill. But for this influence, continually put forth and daily reinforced, the measure would have found in the House the ignominious end it deserved.

Of the dishonour which a measure re-opening to the barbarous institution of Slavery a vast region, closed against it for the third part of a century, we have already spoken. There is another point of view in which we must now, whether willing or not, look at the question. The President has taken a course by which the greater part of this dishonour is concentrated on the Democratic party. Upon him, and his administration, and upon all the Northern friends of the Nebraska bill in Congress, and upon the Democratic party who gave the present Executive his power of mischief, the people will visit this great political sin of the day. The Whigs of the free States have taken care that no part of the guilt shall be found on their skirts. Their representatives in Congress, to a man, voted against the Nebraska bill, as if they had agreed among themselves that the Democratic party of the North should take and bear the entire responsibility of the measure. The result is inevitable; Seward is in the ascendancy in this State and the North generally; the Democratic party has lost its moral strength in the free States; it is stripped of the respect of the people by the misconduct of those who claim to be its leaders; and whatever boast we may make of our excellent maxims of legislation and policy in regard to other questions, the deed of yesterday puts us in a minority for years to come.

Let it be remembered, that there are two classes of men at the North whose resentment is awakened by this proceeding—that is to say, those who acquiesced in the compromise of 1850 and those who did not. The latter class relied upon the promise made with such emphasis and solemnity in Mr. Pierce's Inaugural speech, that the agitation of the Slavery question should never be revived during the continuance of his administration, if any power which he could exert might prevent it. In the very teeth of this engagement they have seen him consent to be made an instrument for reviving this agitation, wantonly, without necessity, without any urgency on the part of the South, not casually or thoughtlessly, but with the most deliberate pre-determination. Not only the enemies of the compromise of 1850, therefore, but its very friends at the North, are deeply offended. If Mr. Fillmore sacrificed his popularity by the part he took in the legislation of 1850; if he saw himself, in consequence, excluded from a nomination to the Presidency two years afterwards, his northern associates compelled to go into private life, and the Whig party defeated and broken up, what may we expect the retribution of this still greater political transgression to be?

Still more strongly will the public disapprobation and disappointment be expressed, if the people shall see, as they probably will, that the admission of Slavery into Nebraska is the preparation for yet other measures having in view the aggrandizement of the slave power—the wresting of Cuba from Spain to make several additional slave States; the creation of yet other slave States, in territory acquired from Mexico, and the renewal of the African slave trade. These things are contemplated; the southern journals speak of them as familiarly and flippantly as they do of an ordinary appropriation bill, and who shall say that they are not already at our door? When we think of how improbable it seemed at first, that the Nebraska fraud would become a law—when we reflect what pledges have been broken, what expectations have been disappointed, and how the public opinion of the free States has been flouted in the vote procured for it—what measure is there, of the same nature, too foul or too audacious to be expected from the present Congress, now in the midst of its first session?

We hope, for our part, that none of those methods of opposition to the series of measures of which this, we fear, is the preliminary, will be left untried. The members of Congress who have opposed it will, we hope, have a word to say to their constituents and the nation, in such energetic terms as the greatness of the occasion makes proper. The people will also, we fully believe, do their part. We hope to see a host of emigrants, under the auspices of Freemen's Emigration Societies—a living swarm of free labourers from our older States and from Europe—settling upon the territory of Kansas the moment the country is open to them, and occupying the region in favour of liberty.—*Eve. Post, 23d ult.*

THE TREASON CONSUMMATE.

WHEN Judas Iscariot clutched the thirty pieces of silver—the price of blood—he rejoiced in the possession, and thought not for the moment of aught but his wicked gains. Soon, however, he repented him of his cruel treachery; he dashed down the bribe, useless to the God-abandoned wretch, and went and hanged himself. So do now the traitors to Freedom, the Iscariots of the North, rejoice over the iniquity purchased by the pay of the false priests of the Capitol. So do they exult in the price of blood, of the blood of the innocent—of strong men, and weak women and helpless babes; of the now living and of the yet unborn; of multitudes unnumbered in the bitterest of their Maker. So do they hold their midnight orgies—beneath that dome whence Liberty should speed her greeting to all the groaning world—over the price of blood, of blood pressed out by fetters, lashed out by whips, worn out drop by drop, through weary years of unrequited, hapless, hopeless toil. If justice lives, the fate of Judas shall yet pursue those who emulate his infamy. The men who have sold the rights of labour upon soil, sacred alike by compact and humanity, shall not enjoy the wages of their treason. Nebraska is given over to Slavery, but they who parted with the trust have yet to render an account of their stewardship, and woe to their abuse of it.

Mechanics and working men of this city of Brotherly Love, remember who have done this deed! Remember whom you sent with professions of honour to you and honour to labour, to watch your interests! Remember that these false guardians have decreed that over a region many, many times larger than your own great State, labour shall be dishonour, and the labourer a brute. Remember that damning sin alike against the means by which you live, and by which the Master of all declared that all humanity should live, is extenuated by no pretence of good faith or necessity, but is in violation of solemn engagements, and as wholly against true policy as against true justice. Remember that folly and wickedness go hand in hand in this plot against your rights and dignity. If you doubt it, go where Slavery rules, and learn what rights, what dignity the mechanic and the workingman have there! Not the poor bought and sold black chattel, but the free white man! Ask what rights he has, except to work for pay; what dignity he has, except to be regarded as a base being, better in law only than the slave, but no better in the worth of his calling. Go where farmers, and carpenters, and blacksmiths, and shoemakers, and even hatters, though not congressmen, are knocked off under the auctioneer's hammer, and learn what is a mechanic's manhood where such things can be!

It is you, toiling men of the North, you, who must right this wrong. In your hands, and yours only, is the retribution for the traitors who have betrayed you. Yesterday there were millions on millions of acres, whither you might have carried your families and reared your sons and daughters and said to them, "This is free soil, and all around you are free, and labour is free; and as freedom is honour, so are you honourable!" But to-day those acres are the equal heritage of the slave-master. Would you go thither now, be ye therefore, slave-masters, too; or if too poor for that, work side by side with the slave, and believe, if you can, that your freedom or your labour are honourable. If you have not thought of these things, now is the time to think at least of those who make them realities. They will come to you again, as they have come before, bowing and cringing, cap in hand, flattering you as the people—the honest, hard-handed people, the bone and sinew of the land! In the name of eternal truth, prove them not liars! Prove that you *are* honest; that you *have* hard hands, and bone and sinew, to crush into despicable insignificance those whom you have lifted into high places, only that they might spit upon the cause which is your care and their support.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE Compact of 1820 has been annulled; the Compromises of 1850 have been thrown to the winds. Every barrier against the advance of Slavery has been broken down, and the question comes home to the people of the free States as to what is to be their future action, in view of the events that have recently transpired at Washington? That the Nebraska law will be regarded as a binding enactment so long as it remains upon the statute book by the people of the North, nobody doubts. They are a law-respecting and a law-abiding people. But will they suffer it to remain there? This Nebraska measure was sprung upon the people of the North at a time when they were wholly unprepared for its occurrence. The Congressional elections were held without the remotest suspicion of the pendency of the events which have since transpired. Nobody dreamed that questions of such momentous importance would arise during the present session. Gen. Pierce was elected without the remotest reference to them. He was regarded as the compromise candidate, and no man for a moment suspected that were he disposed to be a traitor to the sentiment through the strength of which he became President, an opportunity could by any possibility be presented for the betrayal of those who carried him into his present position. Had there been in the public mind a conviction that this Nebraska scheme would be before Congress for its action; had that question entered into the last Congressional elections, not ten men could have been returned to Congress from all the North who were not pledged against it. Had it entered into the last Presidential election, and Gen. Pierce had avowed his intention to do on this subject what he has done, he would have been defeated by an overwhelming majority.

There is a lesson involved in these events which should be carefully studied and applied in the future by the North. The Northern people should never for a moment hereafter forget that it was through their own lack of caution that the compromises have been swept away. The South are always vigilant, always on the alert, always ready to take advantage of the carelessness of the North, to push their peculiar institution forward and build up its power, and it was because they saw the North sleeping, because they saw a vain and ambitious President ready to bargain for the succession, because they saw Senators and Representatives whose palms itched for the bribe, that they struck for the abrogation of compacts and the violation of compromises when they did. No such opportunity should be permitted to occur in the future. The North should never be found sleeping again. No man should be elected to any position of importance in the Union or in the free States who is not pledged against the extension of human Slavery and to the repeal of the Nebraska law. No man should be elected to Congress who is not pledged against the admission of another slave State into the Union. The conservative men of the North should take the lead in this matter, for they have been most deeply wronged, most cruelly betrayed. They have suffered most in defence of Southern institutions. They stood by the Constitution when fanticism attacked with its greatest fury the South, threatening to invade and nullify the guarantees of that sacred instrument. They incurred censure and contumely for their devotion to the Constitution, and the defence of the rights of the South under it. They suffered reproach at home for their adherence to the compromises. They were contemned, and persecuted, hunted from office and influence, because they remained firm by those compromises which the South have been foremost in sweeping away.

The South have banded together against the North and for the extension of the institution of Slavery. They are a unit in all matters relating to that institution. Let the people of the North be true to themselves. Their position is one not of their own choosing. Let them unite in favour of free labour and free institutions. Let the North be a unit against the extension of human Slavery. Let them use the power they possess to drive back the aggressive spirit of propagandism. If agitation shall come, let it. The great battle between Slavery and Freedom must one day be fought, and it may as well begin now as at any time. If commotion shall follow, if convulsions shall ensue from a union of the North for self-protection, then commotion and convulsion be it. If the union of the States shall be shaken, if the institutions of the country shall be made to rock and reel upon their deep foundations, be it so. We repeat the position of the North is not one of their own choosing. They are forced to it by their Southern brethren, and the responsibility of whatever may ensue will rest with the South. The glory or the shame of the future, of which the passage of the Nebraska bill is the beginning, will not rest with the North. If the historian shall speak of the dissolution of this glorious Union, and trace its origin to the transactions of the present session of Congress, if he shall have to record the wreck of a great confederacy of free States, he will also record that that confederacy, while it professed the largest liberty, and the deepest regard for human rights, was wrecked by the madness, the stupendous folly of the propagandists of human Slavery.—*Albany Register.*

THE COMPACT VIOLATED.—The Nebraska-Kansas bill has passed the House of Repesentatives by a vote of 113 to 100. The Senate will concur in the amendment striking out the Clayton clause. The President will sign it, and the bill will become a law.

The manner of effecting this was worthy of the deed. By a resort to a parliamentary trick, of very doubtful character, to say the least, the minority were shut out from making any amendments to the bill, the previous question was applied, and the minority, only thirteen numerically less than the majority, were prohibited from taking any further part in legislation upon the measure than simply recording their dissent. The example of tyranny by a bare majority thus set, it may be hereafter resorted to when motions to restrict Slavery come up in Congress, as they probably will at a future session.

But the deed is done. The wrong to the North is consummated. A solemn compact is violated. The South, having pledged itself that Slavery should never cross a certain line of latitude if Missouri was admitted into the Union as a Slave State, has broken its pledge. Territory, by a solemn engagement set aside for freedom, is given up to Slavery, and, worse than all, the Compromise measures of 1850, which the Slaveholding States insisted should be final, so far as they related to Slavery, and should be religiously observed in the spirit as well as in the letter, and in which Compromises and understanding the North had acquiesced for the sake of peace, have been abused and perverted to a purpose that neither of the parties to those measures ever intended or contemplated. In this respect, the passage of the Nebraska bill will work incalculable injury to the South, and, as we have more than once said, was the most unwise thing which the South could have done.

We, who stood by those compromises from the very first, and the other conservative journals of the North who jointly with us braved the popular excitement, caused by the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, and earnestly iterated Southern assurance that if the North would but acquiesce in that measure, the South would be content and would demand no further concessions to the slave power, naturally feel pained and indignant at this piece of treachery. Nevertheless, principles do not change. We shall as determinedly as ever maintain the inviolability of the Constitution and the Union, though we foresee the approach of an avalanche of agitation and disaffection as the result of this breach of faith. But how is the conservative press of the North to justify the breaking down of all compromises by the South? How are the people of the free States to be persuaded to abide by compromises which the slaveholding States treat as of no obligation whatever? Those Southern men who have caught at the bait tendered by Senator Douglas and President Pierce little know—we prefer to suppose ignorance rather than recklessness—how detrimental the measure will be to the peace and interests of the Southern States.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

"If a Democratic member of Congress is led by his judgment and his conscience to vote for the bill, as we hope all Democrats will be led to do, and he returns to his constituents to encounter the clamour of Whigs and Abolitionists, together with disaffected men of his own party, no sensible man, at least no man who understands and *appreciates the character of the Executive*, will believe that the President will allow such factious men to wield public patronage to overthrow any man at home who has given to the principles of the bill a cordial and conscious support."—*Washington Union.*

The promise of Executive favour has had its effect. It has stopped the ears of a majority of the House against the voice of the people, has emboldened that majority to break through every rule and check designed to protect the rights of the minority, has arbitrarily arrested debate, has dictated unheard of decisions, has forced votes in forms and through means altogether unprecedented, and has already virtually made the Bill a law. We have remonstrated against this measure from the outset, and the developments of every successive week have deepened our sense of its evil. It levels every barrier to the full sweep of Anti-Slavery agitation, and will inevitably make the next Presidental canvass a sectional contest. The hot passions, the fierce animosities, the unmeasured denunciations, the threats, the bans, the curses, the defiances, the disloyal schemes, the violent acts, and all that abominable train of malignities, wrongs and mischiefs, which must attend and give energy to such a contest, will come. Arguments cannot avert it, nor persuasions, nor protests. Conservatism will raise its voice before it in vain; forbearance will be despised, and moderation be thought cowardice. We tell the South, more in sorrow than in anger, that they have raised a hostile spirit which it is beyond any power of theirs to lay. The Executive, with all its patronage, has no means to buy it off, or any power to crush it down. It will pitch Franklin Pierce and his whole Cabinet out of the political world farther than comet ever travelled, and sink every Northern member of Congress who voted for the bill deeper than plummet ever sounded. If it stopped with this simple act of vengence, there would be no reason to dread it. But it will not. It will not only revenge itself, but it will fight for lost ground. It will neither ask quarter nor give quarter; offer compromises or accept compromises. It will wage furious and deadly war against Slavery at every assailable point. The consequences are beyond our power or calculation. We would not anticipate them if we could, but are content to rest in the satisfaction of having done what we could to avert them. We now understand, better than ever, the extraordinary concern and painful misgivings of Mr. Webster, even months after the Compromise, about the safety of the Union. The subject seemed to weigh down like iron upon his thoughts, long after every one else ceased to feel it. His grasping mind apprehended the spirit of the politicians of the day, and took in the dangers of their evil tendencies, and in view thereof it could not help being burned with anxiety and dread. He went a dispirited patriot to the grave; and events have proved that he saw but too clearly, and feared but for too good reason.

We too cannot escape sorrow, but, like him, let who may be recreant, we shall adhere to the Constitution through good report and evil report. To use his own words—the last words he ever publicly uttered in this city—"We will sustain it, and meet death itself if it come; we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness—thick darkness—if it come till

> 'Danger's troubled night is o'er
> And the star of Peace return.'"

—*Courier and Enquirer.*

IN violation of the Missouri Compromise, in violation of the Baltimore Platform, and in defiance of the public pledge given in the President's inaugural, to use all his executive power to frustrate any such attempt at disturbing the public repose, a majority of thirteen votes was obtained in the House of Representatives in favour of this most abominably treacherous act. The votes of seven members would have reversed this decision. The country will be desirous of learning how this majority was obtained, and the secret history of the last few weeks should be probed and its details made public. Those who have found reason for misrepresenting their constituents, sufficiently cogent to induce them to vote for this measure, must soon be brought to the ordeal of the ballot-box, and it will be interesting to note how many northern members who have voted for this bill, will ever again be trusted with representative power. The President is bound by the Baltimore Platform and his inaugural pledge to veto the Nebraska bill; whether he will do so remains to be seen.

The passage of this bill introduces a question of its repeal, which must and will be carried into the canvass for members of Congress this fall, throughout the whole North; the agitation of the question of Slavery extension necessarily goes with it; the potency of the compromises of 1850 to quiet agitation is gone; the conservative and fraternal feeling that sustained those measures is broken. Of those who actively espoused those compromises, thousands are now regretting the course they then pursued, since the reasons for their conduct at that crisis have been rendered nugatory by the faithless proceedings now about to be consummated. Upon those who have ventured to trifle with the great interests of the country by breaking up all faith in pledges and platforms, honour and compacts, be the responsibility of the future. Where now is to be found any barrier to check the Anti-Slavery-extension spirit of the North? The fact is notorious that neither of the divisions of the Whigs or Democrats has any disposition to defend this act for the extension of Slavery over territory so long dedicated to freedom.—*Utica Observer.*

THE Albany *Atlas* closes its comments on the passing of the Nebraska bill by the House of Representatives with these reflections:

"We have not hesitated at all proper times and occasions to express our disapprobation of the unnecessary excitement and sectional animosities which the provisions of this bill were calculated, if not designed, to engender. We have maintained that it was both the duty and the policy of the Democratic party, and the administration which it brought into power, to adhere to the principles laid down in the Baltimore platform, and abide by the compromises in relation to the question of Slavery which had received the sanction of previous legislation, and the acquiescence of the popular mind. We shall be happily mistaken if those who have set this fresh example of bad faith and repudiation of solemn compacts do not find it return to plague the inventors. In our judgment it will prove the severest ordeal to which the 'peculiar institution' of the South has yet been exposed; and we greatly err if the result does not show that a contest thus ruthlessly commenced in a spirit of aggression, may prove the first step towards a relentless and exterminating warfare upon the system it was designed to benefit.

"If, in this tempest of popular commotion, other compromises than those resulting from the legislation of Congress be not uprooted, it will not be owing to the sagacity or prudence of those who, having the accidental power to raise a whirlwind, are yet without ability to allay or direct the storm."

LONG after the clamours of its opponents shall have sunk into the tomb of oblivion, where now lie buried the idle croakings and panic-stricken lamentations which have ever accompanied the adoption of great Democratic measures, this law will stand as a proud monument of wisdom, and be hailed as the firm foundation of a system which places the vexed Slavery question upon a true constitutional basis, leaving it where it of right belongs, with the people themselves, and thus destroying all necessity for the unprofitable, uncalled-for, and frequently dangerous introduction in Congress of this subject. It will take from Anti-Slavery agitators every reasonable pretext for constant agitation, and they have so bitterly resisted it for the very reason that they know it will, in a great measure, rob them of their vocation. * * * * * *

We are glad to see that the Pennsylvania Congressional Delegation have proudly maintained the glorious conservative position of our Commonwealth, which won for her the proud title of the "Keystone State" from the great leader of the Whig party, Henry Clay. Eleven of her democratic representatives voted for the bill, thus giving a larger number of votes than any other State cast for it, except Virginia, which gave the same number. Side by side these noble old States have stood together in former trials, together have fought and triumphed now, and together may they ever maintain and uphold true principles hereafter.—*The Pensylvanian.*

WE are not disappointed—and we do not know, after all, that we ought to mourn over the result—for if the Compromises of 1820 and 1850 had been adhered to faithfully by the North and the South, the people of the country would have quietly rested under the blighting shadow of this accursed institution of Slavery. In fact, to their shame be it said, they had generally *agreed* to be gagged on the subject, or to refuse to make themselves acquainted with the rottenness that was spreading corruption and disease through the whole system of the body politic. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise has taken the gag from every man's mouth, and left him free to speak his mind and heart upon the evils of Slavery, and the perfidy of its supporters. *Now the war must be carried into Carthage.* Slavery and slaveholders must be shown up in all their deformities. Let them wince and threaten as much as they please; and if they choose to cut loose, *let them go*—but at all events let them be plied with the truth until they see it and fear it. The time to compromise with a system of rank corruption has now gone by forever. Our consolation is that there is a Providence that shapes the destiny of the country, as well as of individuals, and that He will bring good out of this monstrous evil.—*New Haven Palladium.*

WE look upon the passage of this bill as an exceedingly unfortunate measure. It breaks down confidence in Slavery compromises—it strengthens to a vast degree the Abolitionists—it is the source of unceasing Slavery agitation—it will prevent to a great extent, if not almost entirely, the delivery of fugitive slaves under the act of 1850; for the people will reason that if one Compromise is good for nothing, another is worthless—it tends more directly than any other measure within our knowledge, to create dissensions between the North and South, and to breed questions calculated to dissolve the Union. We speak of the bill only so far as it repeals the Missouri Compromise.

This measure was uncalled for, and it has been crowded through Congress in a despotic and still in a cowardly manner—the majority hurrying it through, by setting aside other business, so that the voice of the people could not reach or affect its passage. Not a Senator nor a Representative who

indorsements of their constituents. The memory of this nefarious renewal of sectional irritation, and the motives which dictated it, will not die out in a day. A stern resolution to mete out justice to the unprincipled betrayers of the plighted faith of their fathers—to say nothing of the more recent pledges of both great political parties—will yet show itself, when the demagogues who triumph to-day will invoke an amnesty, if not an oblivion of all that is past, in order that "harmony" and "fraternal concord" may reign throughout all our borders *and* that they may revel anew in the plunder and spoils of public office.—*Rochester Union.*

It is a most unfortunate measure. To the democratic party it will prove disastrous, perpetuate dissension and division, and thus invite defeat. It is fraught, too, with most serious evils to the country, destroying all confidence in the good faith of the South, and leaving it exposed to the assaults of those who, but for this act of bad faith, would have cheerfully defended it.—*Buffalo Republic.*

Selections.

FINAL PASSAGE OF THE NEBRASKA BILL.

We give below *The Tribune's* classification of the vote on the final passage of the Nebraska bill, for future reference:

Yeas—113.

FROM THE FREE STATES.

Maine—Moses McDonald—1.
New Hampshire—Harry Hibbard—1.
Connecticut—Colin M. Ingersoll—1.
Vermont—*None.*
Massachusetts—*None.*
Rhode Island—*None.*
New York—Thos. W. Cumming, Francis B. Cutting, Peter Rowe, John J. Taylor, William M. Tweed, Hirsm Walbridge, William A. Walker, Mike Walsh, Theo. B. Westbrook—9
Pennsylvania—Samuel A. Bridges, John L. Dawson, Thomas B. Florence, J. Glancy Jones, William H. Kurtz, John McNair, Asa Packer, John Robbins, Jr., Christian M. Straub, William H. Witte, Hendrick B. Wright—11.
New Jersey—Samuel Lilly, George Vail—2.
Ohio—David T. Disney, Frederick W. Green, Edson B. Olds, Wilson Shannon—4.
Indiana—John G. Davis, Cyrus L. Dunham, Norman Eddy, William H. English, Thomas A. Hendricks, James H. Lane, Smith Miller—7
Illinois—James C. Allen, Willis Allen, William A. Richardson—3.
Michigan—Samuel Clark, David Stuart—2.
Iowa—Bernhart Henn—1.
Wisconsin—*None.*
California—Milton S. Latham, J. A. McDougall—2. Total—44.

FROM THE SLAVE STATES.

Delaware—George R. Riddle—1.
Maryland—William T. Hamilton, Henry May, Jacob Shower, Joshua Vansant—4.
Virginia—Thomas H. Bayly, Thomas S. Bocock, John S. Caskie, Henry A. Edmundson, Charles J. Faulkner, William O. Goode, Zedekiah Kidwell, John Letcher, Paulus Powell, William Smith, John F. Snodgrass—11.
North Carolina—William S. Ashe, Burton Craige, Thomas L. Clingman, *John Kerr*, Thomas Ruffin, Henry M. Shaw—6.
South Carolina—William W. Boyce, Preston S. Brooks, James L. Orr—3.
Georgia—David J. Bailey, Elijah W. Chastain, Alfred H. Colquitt, Junius Hillyer, *David A. Reese*, Alex. H. Stephens—6.
Alabama—*James Abercrombie*, Williamson R. W. Cobb, James F. Dowdell, Sampson W. Harris, George S. Houston, Philip Phillips, William R. Smith—7.
Mississippi—William S. Barry, William Barksdale, Otho R. Singleton, Daniel B. Wright—4.
Louisiana—William Dunbar, Roland Jones, John Perkins, Jr—3.
Kentucky—John C. Breckenridge, James S. Chrisman, *Leander M. Cox*, *Clement S. Hill*, John M. Elliott, *Benj. E. Grey*, *William Preston*, Richard H. Stanton—8.
Tennessee—William M. Churchwell, Geo. W. Jones, *Charles Ready*, Samuel A. Smith, Frederick P. Stanton, *Felix K. Zollicoffer*—6.
Missouri—Alfred W. Lamb, *James J. Lindley*, *John G. Miller*, *Mordecai Oliver*, John S. Phelps—5.
Arkansas—A B Greenwood, Edwin A. Warren—2.
Florida—A. E. Maxwell—1.
Texas—Peter Hansbrough Bell, Geo. W. Smyth—2. Total—69.
Total, Free and Slave States—113.

Nays—100.

NORTHERN STATES.

Maine—*Samuel P. Benson*, *E. Wilder Forley*, Thomas J. D. Fuller, Samuel Mayall, *Israel Washburn, Jr.*—5.
New Hampshire—George W. Kittredge, George W. Morrison—2
Massachusetts—Nathaniel P. Banks, Jr., *Samuel L. Crocker*, Alex. De Witt, *Edward Dickinson*, *J. Wiley Edmands*, *Thomas D. Eliot*, *John Z. Goodrich*, *Charles W. Upham*, *Samuel H. Walley*, *Tappan Wentworth*—10.
Rhode Island—Thos. Davis, Benj. B. Thurston—2
Connecticut—Nathan Belcher, James T. Pratt, Origen S Seymour—3
Vermont—*James Meacham*, *Alvah Sabin*, *Andrew Tracy*—3
New York—*Henry Bennett*, *Davis Carpenter*, Gilbert Dean, Caleb Lyon, Reuben E. Fenton, *Thomas T. Flagler*, George Hastings, *Solomon G. Haven*, Charles Hughes, Daniel T. Jones, *Erasmus B. Matteson*, *Edwin B. Morgan*, William Murray, Andrew Oliver, Jared V Peck, Rufus W. Peckham, Bishop Perkins, *Benjamin Pringle*, *Russell Sage*, *Geo. A. Simmons*, Gerrit Smith, John Wheeler—22.
New Jersey—*Alex. C. M. Pennington*, Charles Skelton, Nathan T. Stratton—3
Pennsylvania—*Joseph R. Chandler*, Carlton B. Curtis, *John Dick*, Augustus Drum, *William Everhart*, James Gamble, Galusha A. Grow, *Isaac E. Hiester*, *Thos. M. Howe*, *John McCulloch*, *Ner Middleswarth*, *David Ritchie*, *Samuel L. Russell*, Michael C. Trout—14.
Ohio—*Edward Ball*, *Lewis D. Campbell*, Alfred P. Edgerton, Andrew Ellison, Joshua R. Giddings, *Aaron Harlan*, *John Scott Harrison*, H. H. Johnson, William D. Lindsey, M. H. Nichols, Thomas Ritchey, *William R. Sapp*, Andrew Stuart, *John L. Taylor*, Edward Wade—15.
Indiana—Andrew J. Harlan, Daniel Mace, *Samuel W. Parker*—3.
Illinois—*James Knox*, *Jesse O. Norton*, *Elihu B Washburne*, John Wentworth, *Richard Yates*—5.
Michigan—David A. Noble, Hestor L. Stevens—2
Wisconsin—Ben. C. Eastman, Daniel Wells, Jr.—2
Iowa—*None.* California—*None.* Total—91.

SOUTHERN STATES.

Virginia—John S. Millson—1.
North Carolina—*Richard C. Puryear*, *Sion H. Rogers*—2.
Tennessee—*Robert M. Bugg*, *William Cullom*, *Emerson Etheridge*, *Nathaniel G. Taylor*—4.
Louisiana—*Theodore G. Hunt*—1.
Missouri—Thomas H. Benton—1.
Other Southern States—*None.* Total—9.
Total, Free and Slave States—100.

Absent, or Not Voting—22.

New England States—*Wm. Appleton*, Mass.—1.
New York—*Geo. W. Chase*, James Maurice—2.
Pennsylvania—*None.* New Jersey—*None.*
Ohio—George Bliss, *Moses B. Corwin*—2.
Illinois—Wm. H. Bissell—1.
Indiana—Eben. M. Chamberlain.
Michigan—*None.*
Iowa—*John P. Cook*—1.
Wisconsin—John B. Macy—1.
California—*None.* Total, from Free States—9.
Maryland—*John R. Franklin*, *Aug. R. Sollers*—2.
Virginia—Fayette McMullen—1.
North Carolina—*None.* Delaware—*None.*
South Carolina—Wm. Aiken, Lawence M. Keitt, John McQueen—3
Georgia—Wm. B. W. Dent, James L. Seward—2.
Alabama—James F. Dowdell—1.
Mississippi—Wiley P. Harris—1.
Kentucky—Linn Boyd (Speaker), *Presley Ewing*—3.
Missouri—*Samuel Caruthers.* Arkansas—*None.*
Florida—*None.* Texas—*None.* Tennessee—*None.*
Total, from Slave States—13.

[Note.—Democrats in Roman—Whigs in *Italic*—Free Soilers and Liberty Party in small capitals.

THE CUBAN PLOT.

The second act in the great scheme for consolidating and perpetuating the domination of the slaveholding interest was opened yesterday in the Senate of the United States. The Louisiana resolutions concerning Cuba were presented and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. A profoundly interesting and significant debate, though of course in its present stage it could only deal with the subject at arms' length, was had upon it. The leading point made by the representatives of the slaveholding interests was, that if Spain takes any measures to effect, however gradually and peacefully, the removal of Slavery from the island, such a step, or the proof that it is in contemplation, will justify this country in taking forcible possession of Cuba and holding it as part of the United States. The only doubt raised by Southern Senators related to the question of *fact*—whether any such project was in contemplation or not. Mr. Seward alone intimated that he should oppose any intervention on the part of this Government in the internal affairs of Cuba.

The indications are unmistakable that the next great battle against the domination of Slavery is to be fought in connection with Cuba—if the Free States feel sufficient interest in the matter to fight it at all. But the slave power is so flushed with its Nebraska victory—it has the whole Executive power and patronage of the Federal Government so completely at its control—so considerable a portion of the Northern representatives are anxious to sell their votes for office or for cash—and the people of the Free States have become so habituated to a cowardly and disgraceful submission to whatever of degradation their own representatives may impose upon them, that but little ground for future hope remains. So far as the present Congress and the present Administration are concerned, we have no doubt that everything will be done which the slaveholding interest may demand. Jefferson Davis is the ruling spirit in the Executive Department. He has been an open and declared advocate of Secession—and the policy of the Administration, under his lead, is to prepare the South for this contingency.

If the people of the Free States have any disposition to resist the accomplishment of these designs, they will have an opportunity to show it before many months.—*Times.*

THE ST. DOMINGO INTRIGUE.

The following resolution, pregnant with results far more serious than will generally be suspected, was submitted to the Senate, yesterday, by Mr Douglas:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Foreigh Relations be instructed to inquire into the expediency of recognising the independence of the Republic of Dominica, and of opening diplomatic intercourse with the same."

To understand the import of this resolution fully, the past history of our diplomatic relations with the island of St. Domingo should be explored, and the secret policy pursued towards it by every administration since Harrison's should be known. We have only time and space to glance at one or two of their leading features.

While Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of State, a man by the name of Hogan was sent out to St. Domingo on a secret mission, the ultimate object of which was to do something there to counteract the successful effort at self-government, making at the other end of the island, by the Haytians. Mr. Hogan's report was so absurdly false, that Mr. Calhoun was ashamed to publish it, nor has it ever been permitted to see the light. Subsequently the Dominicans—that is, those occupying the eastern extremity of the island, the successors of the ancient Spanish colonists—revolted from the Haytians, by the connivance, it is supposed, of the President Boyer. When Soulouque was chosen President, he marched an army into the east, with the intention of restoring the integrity of the republic. He reached Azua, about half the distance, when, in consequence of the unusual dryness of the season and the impossibility of getting food for his horses, he was obliged to retire. Soon after his return to the capital, he gave notice of his intentions to renew hostilities the following year—1850.

Meantime, a new intrigue was set on foot by a former United States consul at Mexico, and two men by the names of Green and Walsh—who have made themselves somewhat notorious since in connexion with Haytian matters—to secure the recognition of the independence of Dominica by the United States, upon such terms as would render that republic a desirable place of emigration for the planters of the middle and Southern States, with their slaves. To enhance the value of their services to the Dominicans, and of course to improve the conditions and privileges to be secured to the projected American colony, they also undertook to prevent Soulouque's executing his purpose of renewing his attacks upon the Dominican territory. For this purpose Walsh was sent to Port-au-Prince, the capital of Hayti, by Mr. Fillmore, with instructions to co-operate with the English and French consul resident there, in threatening him with the joint intervention of the three governments if he persisted in his design of invading Dominica.

This absurd proceeding on the part of Mr. Fillmore was treated by Soulouque with more respect than it deserved, for it was not resented; but the Emperor declined to give any pledges for the future. The correspondence which passed between the intervening commissioners and the Haytian government, together with the despatches of Walsh to the State Department, appeared at length in the *Evening Post*, about three years ago, and we venture to say that our government never appeared in less advantage in any controversy with a foreign power.

At the very time that Mr. Fillmore, through his swaggering, ill-bred and reckless commissioner, was trying to bully the Haytian Government, which, by the way, we had never recognised, into an acquiescence in the revolt and secession of two-thirds of its territory for the benefit of another government, which also we had never recognised, he was reading Kossuth and his companions long homilies at Washington against entangling alliances and foreign intervention. He could not permit the American government to gasp a sigh for the wretched Hungarians, because, he said, it was not the policy of our government to take any part in the controversies of other powers; and at the very time he was secretly at work trying to frighten a feeble and ignorant people, who were making an effort to govern themselves and to deserve a position among the independent nations of the earth, into a concession which would inevitably result in constant border wars, and unceasing waste of blood and money as long as it lasted; for we undertake to say, that it is not possible for two governments to be maintained in peace together on the island of St. Domingo. At all events, that unhappy country has never had any such fortunate experience since anything has been known of it by the civilized world. Columbus found the Indians of the East warring upon the West when he landed there; and the hostile relation has never ceased, we believe, since then, except during the short period of Boyer's administration, when the island was united under the Haytian flag.

Partly in consequence, perhaps, of the intervention of the three leading powers of which we have been speaking, and partly for want of resources, Soulouque has not renewed hostilities since the armistice proclaimed in 1849. Meantime, the intrigues in Dominica have been progressing. Mr. Fillmore was not re-elected, and of course for some time the subject did not receive much attention in the State Department. The time for its consideration by President Pierce, however, finally arrived, and the result was the mission of a secret commissioner to the city of St. Domingo. He reached that city in February last, and we presume the motion of Mr. Douglas is based upon despatches received from him. In view of this presumption, it may be well for the public to know something more of this commissioner. It is no other than the redoubtable and immaculate Cora Montgomery, *alias* Mrs. Storms, formerly editress of the *Sun* and companion-in-arms of Beach the elder, with whom he visited Cuba and other foreign parts in times gone by.

At the close of that engagement, she became a follower of the American army in the Mexican war, where she may have had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Brigadier-General Pierce, and produce an impression of which this appointment is one of its fruits, and where she certainly did find a friend or husband in one Mr. Cazneau, whose name, not yoke, she now bears. He is she ostensible, she is the real, commissioner. He was in Texas when the commission was issued; but as she was esteemed the better man of the two, it was sent to her at New York city. She immediately took passage to St. Domingo, and sent him word by mail to follow her, which he, like a dutiful husband, did, arriving six weeks or two months after her.

What her precise instructions were, we are not advised. We can only infer them from the tenor of her conversations and behaviour when she arrived there, as related to us by an eye and ear-witness. She evinced a strong disposition to invest in real estate in the city of St. Domingo, and encouraged others to follow her example, saying quite freely, that there soon would be a change in the state of things there—that the country would belong to the United States in less than six months, and advised property holders to improve their buildings and prepare for an extensive American immigration.

We will now briefly state what we understand to be the scheme of this commissioner, and of the parties with whom she or he acts. The government, of course, we assume to be innocent in the premises.

By appearing in the attitude of protectors to the Dominican republic against Soulouque, and by securing the recognition of her national existence and qualified protection by the United States, they expect in return certain grants of territory, and such privileges in the occupation and enjoyment of it as will induce emigration from the United States. But this is only the first act in the drama. The government of Dominica is very feeble, and utterly destitute of political and financial resources. There is no prominent man in the country except Santana, nor any one who possesses the confidence of the people, or intelligence and experience enough to conduct the government a week, if he were to die. The commerce of Dominica has dwindled down to a very insignificant figure, its currency has depreciated to the prime cost of its manufacture, about five cents' worth to the dollar, and its revenues are so small that they hardly suffice to pay the President his trifling salary, and supply oil to the single lighthouse which the government still maintains at the city of St. Domingo.

In a country thus conditioned, and thinly populated by an enervated and inferior race, it would be a very easy matter for one or two hundred Americans, by bribery or intimidation, to get control of the government, alter the Constitution so as to legalise Slavery, and open a new slave market on a soil upon which more blood has been shed in defence of freedom than upon any tract of its size upon the face of the earth. Annexation to the United States would be the next and an easy step. And we should find ourselves, before we dreamt of it, a conterminous neighbour of the Emperor of Hayti. How long it would take us to pick a quarrel with such a neighbours, and shoulder him off into the sea, we need not stop to calculate.

Such is the scheme which was projected many years ago, and which now appears to be coming to a head. We trust the instructions and despatches of Mr. Cazneau will be laid before the Senate and the public, before the resolution of Judge Douglas is finally disposed of, that we may know what are the grounds upon which it is proposed to make a distinction between the sovereignties of Dominica and Hayti. Hitherto our government has refused to recognise any negro sovereignty. We wish to know what reasons are given for making Dominica an exception.

There can be no objection to the extension of such a national courtesy to the Eastern Republic providing it can be done without violating the rights of Hayti, which ought to be respected by us all the more faithfully because she is incapable of resenting such violation; but we wish to have the reasons for making an exception to the policy hitherto pursued in reference to negro sovereignties.

We wish to know whether the vote upon the recognition of Dominica is to settle the policy of this government in reference to Hayti and Liberia, or whether an attempt is to be made, under colour of Mrs. Cazneau's fables, and the false representations of those who are connected with her in this Dominican intrigue, to make the government believe that Dominica is any the less a negro government than Hayti or Liberia. If so, be it our care to see that such representations do not obtain credit with the country, long.—*Evening Post.*

RIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON.

ANOTHER FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT.

THE MILITARY AGAINST THE PEOPLE.

We find in the Boston papers of Saturday full accounts of the disturbances in that city, growing out of the arrest of Anthony Burns, alleged to be a fugitive from Slavery. It appears there was no unusual excitement about the Court-House on Friday, Burns remaining there under guard. During the forenoon, a writ was issued by Seth Webb, Esq., on account of cost, for the recovery of $10,000 damages against Charles F. Suttle and William Brent, "for, that the said Suttle and Brent, on the 24th day of May inst., well knowing the said Burns to be a free citizen of Massachusetts, conspired together to have the said Burns arrested and imprisoned as a slave of said Suttle, and carried to Alexandria, Va.," &c. &c. Lewis Hayden, a coloured man, was the complainant in the case. The writ was served upon Messrs. Suttle and Brent, and they gave the required bail in the sum of $5,000 each.

Subsequently, Chief Justice Wells issued a writ of replevin against U. S. Marshal Freeman, directing that officer to bring the body of Anthony, the fugitive, before the Court of Common Pleas, on the 7th day of June.

Soon after Burns's arrival here, as it now appears, he wrote a letter to his brother in Alexandria, who is also a slave of Mr. Suttle's, stating that he was at work with Coffin Pitts, in Brattle street, cleaning old clothes. This letter he dated in "Boston," but sent it to Canada, where it was post-marked and sent according to the superscription, to Burns's brother in Alexandria.

As is the custom at the South, when letters are received directed to slaves, they are delivered to the owner of such slaves, who opens them and examines their contents. This appears to have been the case with Burns's letter, and by his own hand his place of retreat was discovered by his master.

From The Boston Journal, May 27.

THE MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL.

A meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, on Friday evening, for the purpose of considering the matter of the arrest of the fugitive slave Burns. The Hall was filled to overflowing.

At 7 3-4 o'clock the meeting was called to order by the Hon. Samuel E. Sewall. The following list of officers, nominated by him, was unanimously adopted:

PRESIDENT.

George R. Russell, Esq., of West Roxbury.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Dr. S. G. Howe, Wm. B. Spooner, Francis Jackson and Timothy Gilbert, of Boston; F. W. Bird, of Walpole; A. G. Brown, of Salem; Rev. Mr. Grimes, of Boston; Gershom B. Weston, of Duxbury; the Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester; Charles Ellis, of Roxbury; Thos. Wales, Jr., and Samuel Downer, Jr., of Dorchester.

SECRETARIES.

Wm. I. Bowditch and Robert Morris.

Mr. Russell, on taking the Chair, made a brief address. Only the day before he had said that another fugitive slave would never be arrested in and taken from Boston. He was mistaken in part; God grant that he might not be in the whole. The boast said to have been made by a slaveholder that he would count his slaves on Bunker Hill, will not be mere words if this thing is consummated. Slavery, he said, has thrown off the mask and avowed the object of making one great slave country here. We have yielded and yielded—until compromise has become concession, and concession has become a disgrace. The question arises whether the men of Boston, of New England, of Faneuil Hall, are slave-catchers; whether they are willing to do what it debases a man at the South to do? He related an anecdote respecting Henry Clay, showing that it was not the intention of the Fugitive Slave Law to make slave-catchers of the men of the North. And yet we are compelled to perform what debars a man in the South from entering into respectable society. There seems to be nothing left us of the compromises but the privilege of rending fugitive slaves back. He alluded to the persecutions in Boston, when the pillory, and stocks, and whipping post, afforded a remedy for any peculiarity of faith, and said there were, doubtless, many then who looked sorrowing on these things and prayed that they might be taken away; and they were. So it will be with us. Slavery will pass away, and our children, looking into the records of the past, will wonder at the barbarism of the parties. This meeting has been called, he said, without distinction of party, to protest against this wrong; not to counsel violence or wrong, but to protest against this outrage. He hoped to live and die in a free land; where the air of New England could only be breathed by free men, and wherein no slave should exist.

Mr. F. W. Bird, of Walpole, came forward and asked, What is to be done? [A voice, "Fight!"] Ah, there was a day, seventy years ago, when that word in Faneuil Hall meant something. It don't mean anything now, and you had better not use it. One thing we must all do. We must learn to reflect more carefully on our duties and rights as citizens [applause and some confusion]. He would ask every lover of freedom what there is left of personal freedom in Massachusetts provided the slaveholder can come here and get men who will be his tools to catch coloured men. These men are trampling upon the laws of Massachusetts, and there is no remedy except in going over those laws [cheers]. It is time for us to ask what there is left of Massachusetts laws, of State rights, of personal freedom as against the General Government.

John L. Swift was introduced, and, after alluding to the arrest of Burns, said, To-morrow morning he is to be delivered over to the scoundrel who calls him his slave. [Cries of No, never.] What will you do? [Fight!] He alluded to the passage of the Nebraska bill as robbing freedom of this western territory, and said the Administration are ready to throw in this fugitive to ratify the bargain. But the people of Massachusetts are with Burns [cheers]. I believe the people of Boston are with him. [Yes, and cheers.] I thank God, the City Government is with him [great cheering]. Benjamin Seaver is no longer Mayor; or John F. Bigelow, either. Things have changed here. And I know further, that the people who made this City Government are with it in this matter. Burns is in the Court House. Is there any law to keep him there? The Fugitive Slave law received, in the House, on Tuesday night, one hundred and thirteen stabs—and was killed. The compromises are no more—they were murdered by the Nebraska bill. Hereafter let not the word compromise desecrate the tongue of any true American. It has been said that Americans and sons of Americans are cowards. If we allow Marshal Freeman to carry away that man, then the word cowards should be stamped on our foreheads [cheers] When we go from this cradle of liberty, let us go to the tomb of liberty, the Court-House. To-morrow Burns will have remained incarcerated there three days, and I hope to-morrow to witness in his release the resurrection of liberty. This is a contest between Slavery and Liberty, and for one I am now and forever on the side of liberty.

Dr. S G. Howe took the platform to read a series of resolutions, when a scene of great confusion ensued—calls for Phillips and Parker being heard above the tumult. Dr. Howe tried to quiet the audience by saying, "I am not going to make a speech, but only to read some resolutions, which I trust will be as wadding, and then Mr. Phillips will give you the shot." Partial quiet was at length restored, and the resolutions were read. They are as follows:

Resolved, That the people of Massachusetts having declared in the first article of the Constitution that "all men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights," are solemnly bound to stand by their declarations, by refusing to recognise the existence of any man as a slave on the soil of the old Bay State.

Resolved, That the perfidious seizure of Anthony Burns, in this city, on Wednesday evening last, on the lying pretence of having committed a crime against the laws of this State—his imprisonment as an alleged fugitive slave in the Court-House, under guard of certain slave-catching ruffians—and his contemplated trial as a piece of property to-morrow morning—are outrages never to be sanctioned or tamely submitted to.

Resolved, That the time has come to declare and to demonstrate the fact that no slave-hunter can carry his prey from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Resolved, That, in the language of Algernon Sydney, "that which is not just is not law, and that which is not law ought not to be obeyed."

Resolved, That, leaving every man to determine for himself the mode of resistance, we are united in the glorious sentiment of our Revolutionary fathers—"Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

Resolved, That of all tyrants who have ever cursed the earth, they are the most cruel and beastly who deny the natural right of a man to his own body—of a father to his own child—of a husband to his own wife! whose traffic is in human flesh and broken hearts; who defend chattel Slavery as a divine institution; and who declare it to be their unalterable purpose indefinitely to extend and forever to perpetuate their infernal oppression.

Resolved, That as the South has decreed, in the late passage of the Nebraska bill, that no faith is to be kept with freedom; so, in the name of the living God, and on the part of the North, we declare that henceforth and forever, no compromises should be made with Slavery.

Resolved, That nothing so well becomes Faneuil Hall as the most determined resistance to a bloody and overshadowing despotism.

Resolved, That it is the will of God that every man should be free; we will as God wills; God's will be done!

Resolved, That no man's freedom is safe unless all men are free.

Wendell Phillips then took the stand amid much applause, and said he wanted that man set free on the streets of Boston [cheers]. He was glad to hear the applause to the sentiment, that the City Government is on our side. If the city police had been ordered in the Sims case, as they are now, not to lift a finger in behalf of the kidnappers, under pain of instant dismissal, Thomas Sims would have been here in Boston to-day. To-morrow is to determine whether we are worthy of our City Government; whether we are really to do the duty they have left us to do [cheers]. There is now no law in Massachusetts, and when law ceases the people may act in their own sovereignty. I am against squatter sovereignty in Nebraska, and against kidnapper sovereignty in Boston. See to it, that to-morrow, in the streets of Boston, you ratify the verdict of Faneuil Hall, that Anthony Burns has no master but his God [cheers]. Mr. Phillips then alluded to the fact that Burns was taken before Commissioner Loring, who is also Judge of Probate, and said, let us go to the Legislature next winter and ask that that Judge of Probate may no longer disgrace the State. He said that Suttle was admitted to see and question, and confined Burns immediately after his arrest, while Burns's friends, his employer, or his clergyman, were denied access to him. I went this morning with his clergyman to see him, and we were told we could not see him. I asked why Suttle was admitted, but Freeman had no answer; that's what I call one-sided justice. It was by mere chance that he had counsel at his examination. We sent a writ of the State of Massachusetts, commanding the man to be taken out of the hands of the Marshal, on proper bonds being furnished, until a Massachusetts jury could say how much right the slaveholder had in him; but Marshal Freeman put his foot on it. The question to-night is whether Virginia conquers Massachusetts. [A voice—100 men will save him, and I am one.] There is not a State in the Union that would consent to have that man leave it. New York has her Syracuse; Illinois her Chicago; Wisconsin her Racine and Milwaukee. Pennsylvania repudiates her money debts, but she has more than repaid the debt in the fact that the blood of a slaveholder has been shed on her soil. The question, he said, was to be settled to-morrow whether we shall adhere to the result of the case of Shadrach or the case of Sims. Will you adhere to the case of Sims and see this man carried down State street between two hundred men? [No.] I have been talking seventeen years about Slavery, and it seems to me I have talked to little purpose if within three years two slaves can be carried away from Boston. Nebraska I call knocking a man down, and this is spitting in his face after he is down. When I heard of this case and that Burns was locked up in that Court-House, my heart sunk within me. See to it, every one of you, as you love the honour of Boston, that you watch this case so closely that you can look into that man's eyes. When he comes up for trial get a sight at him—and don't lose sight of him. There is nothing like the mute eloquence of a suffering man to urge to duty; be there, and I will trust the result. If Boston streets are to be so often desecrated by the sight of returning fugitives, let us be there, that we may tell our children that we saw it done. There is now no use for Faneuil Hall. Faneuil Hall is the purlieus of the Court-House to-morrow morning [cheers], where the children of Adams and Hancock may prove that they are not bastards. Let us prove that we are worthy of liberty. We have no right to the language of those resolutions. This is an insult to Boston until we try to so behave in this case as to wipe off the stain occasioned by the sending back of Sims, and make it so that no kidnapper will again dare to show his face in Boston. Make the resolution that each of you will see that man for yourselves, and that you will never lose sight of him so long as his feet rest on Massachusetts soil. Who says aye to this resolution? [An emphatic aye arose in response from the audience.]

The Rev. Theodore Parker was next called on, and addressed the audience as "Fellow-subjects of Virginia," which was received with "No, no." He then changed his address to "Fellow citizens of Boston." He dwelt upon the fact, that it was a Boston act, and done by Boston men, to send back Burns. Eight years ago a merchant of Boston kidnapped a man at noon, on the road to Quincy, and Boston mechanics showed the golden eagles they received for doing it. If we had done our duty then, and Faneuil Hall had spoken then, he would not have been speaking here to-night. We are to blame. There is no North. The South goes clear up to Canada line. Boston is a suburb of the city of Alexandria, "fellow subjects of Virginia"; I will take that back when I see some deeds worthy of freedom. He spoke of the encroachments of Slavery; said that the right of trial by jury, the writ of personal replevin, the habeas corpus, were all swept away before Slavery. Slavery is the finality. The first time they arrested a slave here they put the Court-House in chains, but now they are so confident that you are the subjects of Virginia that they do not put the Court-House in chains; or gather the military in Faneuil Hall. He said that one of the officers of the city government told twenty policemen to-day not to lift a finger in support of the slave catchers, and the order was received with cheers. Mayor Smith was invited to preside at this meeting, and he said he regretted that his time was all engaged this evening so that he could not come. His sympathies, he said, were all with the slave. They think they can carry Burns off in a cab. [Voice—They can't do it; let them try it.] He had said there were two laws—one is Slavery. There is another law, that the people, when they are sure they are right, should determine to go ahead, or to use the words of which had been quoted, "that which is not just is not law, and that which is not law should not be obeyed." He alluded to the conduct of our fathers in regard to the stamp act and the tea, and held that conduct up as an example for imitation. In the South public opinion is stronger than law, he said, and cited the case of Mr. Hoar's mission to Charleston as an illustration. Another law than Slavery is also a finality. That law lies in our heads and arms and feet. You can put it in execution when you see fit. I am a clergymen, and am a man of peace. But there is a means and an end. Liberty is the end, and peace is not sometimes the means toward it [cheers]. These men who are serving the kidnappers in Boston are cowards, every one of them, and we need but stand up and declare that this man shall not go back to prove them cowards. Mr. Parker then proposed that when the meeting adjourn, it adjourn to meet at Court-square to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. A hundred voices cried out, "No, to-night." "Let us take him out," "Let us go now," "Come on," and one man rushed frantically from the platform, crying, "Come on," but none seemed disposed to follow him. Mr. Parker—"Those in favour of going to night will raise their hands." About half the audience raised their hands. Much confusion ensued, and the persons on the platform seemed bewildered and in hesitancy how to control the excitement they had raised. The audience were shouting and cheering. A voice was heard saying, "The slave shall not go out, but the men who came here to get him shall not stay in; let us visit the slave-catchers at the Revere House to-night."

After a while sufficient order was restored to allow the Chairman to put the question on the resolutions, and they were passed unanimously—and it was moved to adjourn. Again cries of "To the Court-House" and the "Revere House" were heard. The scene was tumultuous in the extreme.

At last Wendell Phillips again took the platform and said:

Let us remember where we are and what we are going to do. You have said to-night you will vindicate the fair fame of Boston. Let me tell you you won't do it by groaning at the slave-catchers at the Revere House—[We'll tar and feather them]—in attempting the impossible feat of insulting a slave-catcher. If there is a man here who has an arm and a heart ready to sacrifice anything for the freedom of an oppressed man, let him do it to-morrow. [Cries of "To night."] If I thought it could be done to-night, I would go first. I don't profess courage, but I do profess this: when there is a possibility of saving a slave from the hands of those who are called officers of the law, I am ready to trample any statute or any man under my feet to do it, and I am ready to help any one hundred men to do it. He urged the audience to wait until the day time; said that he knew the vaults of the banks in State street sympathised with them; that the Whigs who had been kicked once too often sympathised with them. He told them that it was in their power so to block up every avenue that the man could not be carried off. He urged them not to baulk the effort of to-morrow, by foolish conduct to-night, giving the enemy the alarm. You that are ready to do the real work, be not carried away by indiscretion which may make shipwreck of our hopes. The zeal that won't keep till to-morrow will never free a slave. [Cries of "No!"]

Mr. Phillips seemed to have partially carried the feelings of the audience with him, when a man at the lower end of the hall cried out, "Mr. Chairman I am just informed that a mob of negroes is in the Court-square attempting to rescue Burns. I move we adjourn to Court-square."

The audience immediately began rapidly to leave the hall, and most of them wended their way to Court-square. What there transpired is given below.

THE ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF BURNS.

On the abrupt termination of the meeting in Faneuil Hall, the excited crowd rushed for Court-square, pell-mell, shouting, "Rescue him!" "Rescue him!" &c. Entering upon the eastern avenue, in the space of a minute or two, several hundred people had collected. The officers in the building closed the doors, when some dozen people, some of whom were coloured, rushed up the steps and commenced pounding on the doors. A pistol was fired on the westerly side of the Court-House, when the crowd rushed around the building. Here some two thousand people collected in a very brief space of time. Several pistols were fired in the streets.

The crowd immediately commenced an assault upon the south door, on the west side, with axes and a battering-ram, in the shape of a heavy beam, some twelve feet long, which was at once launched upon the stout oak door. The battering-ram was manned by a dozen or fourteen men, white and coloured, who plunged it against the door until it was stove in. Meantime, several brickbats had been thrown at the windows, and the glass rattled in all directions. The leaders, or those who appeared to act as ring-leaders in the melée, continually shouted: "Rescue him!" "Bring him out!" "Bring him out!" "Where is he!" &c., &c. The Court-House bell rang an alarm at 9 1-2 o'clock.

When the doors were opened, two or three persons rushed into the entry, but the officers in the building, who were mustered in full force on the stairs, gave the valorous rioters so warm a reception with clubs and swords, that they quickly retreated to the streets. Two shots were discharged in the entry, which appeared to intimidate the rioters somewhat, and they retreated to the opposite side of the street. At this time, a large deputation of police from the Centre Watch-House, arrived upon the ground, and in a few moments arrested several persons and took them to the Watch-House. Stones were occasionally thrown at the windows, and shouts continued to be made, but the firm stand of the officers stationed within the building, with the support they received from the police, prevented any further demonstration.

At the time the mob beat down the westerly door of the Court-House, several men, employed as United States officers, were in the passage way, using their endeavours to prevent the ingress of the crowd, and among the number was Mr. James Batchelder, a truckman, in the employ of Col. Peter Dunbar, who, almost at the instant of the forcing of the door, received a pistol shot (evidently a very heavy charge) in the abdomen. Mr. Batchelder uttered the exclamation, "I'm stabbed," and falling backward into the arms of watchman Issac Jones, expired almost immediately. The unfortunate man resided in Charlestown, where he leaves a wife and one or two children to mourn his untimely death.

At the time of forcing the door, and just as the fatal shot was fired, one of the rioters, who was standing on the upper step, exclaimed to the crowd, "You cowards, will you desert us now?" At this moment the exclamation of Mr. Batchelder, "I'm stabbed!" was heard, and the rioters retreated to the opposite side of the street.

In the meantime a white man rushed into the crowd and distributed several meat-axes, with the blades enveloped in the original brown paper. Two or three of these axes were subsequently picked up by the officers, and were deposited in the Centre Watch-House.

Shortly after the death of Mr. Batchelder, Coroner Smith took charge of the body, and will hold an inquest to-day

After the arrests had been made the crowd, although excited, remained quiet, but a new element was introduced by the arrival of a military company. The Boston Artillery, Captain Evans, were in the streets for their usual drill. When they marched up Court street the mob at once supposed them to be the United States Marines come to preserve order, and they were at once saluted with hisses, groans, and other marks of derision. Captain Evans, seeing an excited crowd, and not knowing anything of the disturbance, immediately marched his command down the west side of the Court-House, and halted in the square, the crowd giving way When the cause of the appearance of the company was explained the crowd gave them three cheers, and the company departed

By order of the Mayor the Boston Artillery and the Columbian Artillery were ordered out, and about midnight they took quarters in the City Hall, where they remained during the night, waiting further orders.

Saturday's Proceedings.

From The Boston Traveller, May 27.

The Court-House this morning had the aspect of a beleaguered fortress. At an early hour a vast crowd was gathered upon the outside, which, though exhibiting no violence of action, gave expression to their feeling upon the subject in various ways.

Inside of the Court-House could be seen the uniforms of the United States troops, a number of soldiers from the fort and Marines from the Navy Yard, having been sent for during the night, in all amounting to about 100 men. The soldiers from the fort were brought up by the steamer John Taylor, and are under the command of Major S. C. Ridgley, and Lieuts. O. B. Wilcox and O. A. Mack. The Marines of the Navy Yard are commanded by Lieut. Col. Dulaney, with Capt. J. S. Rich, 1st. Lieut. H. W. Dulaney, and 2d. Lieut. N. N. Balsey. The Boston Artillery and the

a scripture lesson, after the fashion of the Old Testament prophets. Since last we came together, there has been a MAN STOLEN in this city of our fathers. It is not the first, it may not be the last. He is now in the great slave pen of the City of Boston. He is there, if I understand it aright, against the law of the Commonwealth, which, if I am rightly informed, prohibits the use of the State edifices as United States jails—I may be mistaken. Any forcible attempt to take him from that BARRACOON of Boston, would be wholly without use. For, besides the holiday soldiers that belong to the City of Boston, and ready to shoot down their brothers in a just cause, or in an unjust cause, any day, when the City Government gives them its command and its liquour, I understand there are one hundred and eighty-four marines lodged in the Court-House, every man of them furnished with a musket and a bayonet, with his side-arms and twenty-four ball cartridges. They are stationed also in a building very strong, and where five men, in a passage-way half the width of this pulpit, can defend it against five and twenty, or five hundred. To keep the peace, the Mayor, who, the other day, regretted the arrest of our brother, Anthony Burns, and declared that his sympathies were *wholly* with the alleged fugitive—and of course wholly *against* the claimant and the Marshal—in order to keep the peace of the city, the Mayor must become corporal of the guard for the kidnappers. He must keep the peace of our city and defend these guests of Boston over the graves, the unmonumented graves, of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. A man has been killed by violence. Some say he was killed by his own coadjutors. I could easily believe it. There is evidence enough that they were greatly frightened. These were not United States soldiers, but volunteers from the streets of Boston, who, for their pay, went into the Court House to assist in kidnapping a brother man. They, I say, were so cowardly that they could not use the simple cutlasses they had in their hands, but smote right and left, like ignorant and frightened ruffians, as they were. They may have slain their brother or not—I cannot tell. It is said by some that they killed him. Another story is that he was killed by a hostile hand from without. Some said by a bullet, some by an axe, and others yet by a knife. As yet nobody knows the facts. But a man has been killed. He was a volunteer in this service. He liked the business of enslaving a man, and has gone to render an account to God for his gratuitous work. Twelve men have been arrested and are now in jail to await their trial for *wilful* murder! Here, then, is one man butchered and twelve men brought in peril of their lives. Why is this? Whose fault is this? Some eight years ago a Boston merchant, by his mercenaries, kidnapped a man between this city and Old Quincy, and carried him off. Boston mechanics, the next day, held up the half-eagles, which they received as their pay for kidnapping a man. The matter was brought before the Grand Jury for the County of Suffolk, and abundant evidence was presented, as I understand, but they found "no bill." A wealthy merchant, in the name of trade, had stolen a black man, who, on board a ship, had come to this city, had been seized by the mercenaries of this merchant, kept by them for a while, and then when he escaped, kidnapped a second time in the City of Boston. That was one thing. Boston did not punish the deed; the merchant lost no "personal popularity." The Fugitive Slave bill was presented to us, and Boston rose up to welcome it. The greatest man in all the North came here, and in this city told Massachusetts she must obey the Fugitive Slave bill "with alacrity"—that we must all "conquer our prejudices" in favour of justice and the unalienable rights of man. Boston "conquered her prejudices" in favour of justice and the unalienable rights of man.

Do you remember the meeting that was held in Faneuil Hall, when a "political soldier of fortune," sometimes called "the Democratic Prince of the Devil," howled at the idea that there was no law of God higher than the Fugitive Slave bill? He sneered and asked, will you have the "Higher Law of God" to rule over you? and the multitude that occupied the floor and the multitude that crowded the galleries howled down the higher law of God! They treated the higher law to a laugh and a howl! That was Tuesday night. It was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day. On that Thanksgiving Day, I told the congregation that the men who howled down the higher law of the Almighty God had got Almighty God to settle with; that they had sown the wind, and would reap the whirlwind. At that meeting Mr. Choate told the people, "REMEMBER! REMEMBER! *Remember!*" Then nobody knew what to "Remember." Now you know. That is the state of that case. Then you "REMEMBER" the kidnappers came here to seize Thomas Sims. Thomas Sims *was* seized. Nine days he was on trial for more than his life, and never saw a judge—never saw a jury. He was sent back into bondage from the City of Boston. You remember the chains that were put around the Court-House; you "REMEMBER" the Judges of Massachusetts stooping, crouching, creeping, *crawling* under the chains of Slavery, in order to get to their own Courts. All these things you "REMEMBER." Boston was non-resistant. She gave her "back to the smiters"—from the South; she "withheld not her cheek"—from the scorn of South Carolina, and welcomed the "spitting" of kidnappers from Georgia and Virginia. Now we are having our pay for it. To-day we have our pay for that conduct. You have not forgotten the "fifteen hundred gentlemen of property and standing" who volunteered to conduct Mr. Sims to Slavery—Marshal Tukey's "gentlemen." They "remember" it. They are sorry enough now. Let us forgive—we need not forget. REMEMBER! REMEMBER! *Remember!* The Nebraska bill has just now been passed. Who passed it? The fifteen hundred "gentlemen of property and standing" in Boston, who, in 1851, volunteered to carry Thomas Sims into Slavery by force of arms. *They* passed the Nebraska bill. If Boston had punished the kidnappers in 1845, there would have been no Fugitive Slave bill in 1850. If Massachusetts in 1850 had declared the bill should not be executed, the kidnapper would never have shown his face in the streets of Boston. If, failing this, Boston had said, in 1851, "Thomas Sims shall not be carried off," and forcibly or peaceably, by the majesty of that great mass of men, had resisted it, no kidnapper would have come here again. There would have been no Nebraska bill. But to every demand of the slave-owner Massachusetts has said: "Yes! yes! we grant all!" "Agitation must cease!" "Save the Union!" Southern Slavery is an institution that is in earnest. Northern freedom is an institution that is not in earnest. It was in earnest in '76 and '88. It has not been in earnest since. The Compromises are but provisional. Slavery is the only finality. Now, since the Nebraska bill is passed, an attempt is made to add insult to injury, injury to injury. There was a fugitive slave case at Syracuse this last week; at New York, a brother of Rev. Dr. Pennington, an established clergyman of large reputation, great character, acknowledged learning, who has his diploma from the University of Heidelberg in Germany—a more honourable source than that from which any clergyman in Massachusetts ever received his—*his* brother and two nephews were kidnapped in New York, and without any trial, without any defence, were hurried off into bondage. Then at Boston, you know what was done in the last four days. Behold the consequences of the doctrine that there is no "higher law." Look at Boston to-day. There are no chains around your Court-house—there are *ropes* around it. A hundred and eighty-four United States soldiers are there. They are, I am told, mostly foreigners—the scum of the earth, none but such enter into armies as common soldiers in a country like ours. I say it with pity—they are not to blame for having been born where they were and *what they are*. I pity the scum as well as I pity the mass of men. The accident of birth keeps you and me from being among that same scum. The soldiers are there, I say, and their trade is to kill. Why is this so? You remember the meeting at Faneuil Hall last Friday—when even the words of my friend Wendell Phillips, the most eloquent words that got spoken in America, in this century, hardly prevailed upon the multitude from going, and by violence attempting to storm the Court-House. What stirred them up? It was the spirit of our fathers—the spirit of justice and liberty in your hearts, and in my heart, and in the heart of all of us. Sometimes it gets the better of a man's prudence, especially on occasions like this, and so excited was that assembly of four or five thousand men, that even the words of eloquent Wendell Phillips could hardly restrain them from going at once rashly to the Court-House and tearing it to the ground. Boston is the most peaceful of cities. Why? Because we have commonly had a place that was worth keeping. No city respects laws so much. Because the laws have been made by the people, for the people, and are laws which respect justice. Here is a law which the people would not keep. It is a law of our Southern masters—a law not fit to keep. Why is Boston in this confusion to-day? The Fugitive Slave bill Commissioner has just now been sowing the wind that we may reap the whirlwind. The Fugitive Slave bill Commissioner stands back; he has gone to look after his "personal popularity." But when Commissioner Curtis does not dare appear in this matter, another man comes forward, and for the first time seeks to kidnap his man in the City of Boston. Judge Loring is a man whom I respected and honoured. His private life is wholly blameless, so far as I know. He has been, I think, uniformly beloved. His character has entitled him to the esteem of his fellow citizens. I have known him somewhat. I never heard a mean word from him—many good words. He was once the law partner of Horace Mann, and learned humanity of a great teacher—have respected him a good deal. He is a *respectable* man—in the Boston sense of that word, and in a much higher sense; at least I thought so. He is a kind-hearted, charitable man; a good neighbour; a fast friend—when politics do not interfere; charitable with his purse; an excellent husband; a kind father; a good relative. And I should as soon have expected that venerable man who sits before me, born before our Revolution [Saml. May]—I should as soon have expected *him* to go and kidnap Robert Morris, or any of the coloured men I see around me, as I should have expected Judge Loring to do this thing. But he has sown the wind, and we are reaping the whirlwind. I need not say what I now think of him. He is to act to-morrow, and may yet act like a man. Let us wait and see. Perhaps there is manhood in him yet. But, my friends, all this confusion is *his* work. He knew he was *stealing a man*, born with the same right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as himself. He knew the slaveholders had no more right to Anthony Burns than to his own daughter. He knew the consequence of stealing a man in Boston. He knew that there are men in Boston who have not yet conquered their prejudices—men who respect the Higher Law of God. He knew there would be a meeting at Faneuil Hall—gatherings in the street. He knew there would be violence. Edward Greeley Loring, Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, in the State of Massachusetts, Fugitive Slave bill Commissioner of the United States, before these citizens of Boston, on Ascension Sunday, assembled to worship God, I charge you with the death of that man who was murdered on last Friday night. He was your fellow servant in kidnapping. He dies at your hand. You fired the shot which makes his wife a widow, his child an orphan. I charge you with the peril of twelve men, arrested for murder and on trial for their lives; I charge you with filling the Court-House with one hundred and eighty-four fired ruffians of the United States, and alarming not only this city for her liberties that are in peril, but stirring up the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts with indignation, which no man knows how to stop—which no man can stop. You have done it all!

This is my lesson for the day.

From The Commonwealth.

The infernal Fugitive Slave bill rules Boston Court-House, tramples on our citizens, and, surrounded by its creatures, with United States troops at their service, glares and gnashes its teeth at us defiantly. One current of excitement among the people, produced by the appearance of the Irish military to support the kidnapping bill, led to the following handbill, which was circulated about the city this morning:

AMERICANS TO THE RESCUE!—IRISHMEN UNDER ARMS!—Americans! Sons of the Revolution! A body of seventy-five Irishmen known as the "Columbian Artillery," have volunteered their services to shoot down the citizens of Boston, and are now under arms, to defend Virginia in kidnapping a citizen of Massachusetts! Americans! These Irishmen have called us "cowards and sons of cowards!" Shall we submit to have our citizens shot down by a set of vagabond Irishmen?

Wendell Phillips, on his passage into the Court-House on Saturday morning, was greeted with tremendous cheering by the immense concourse of citizens that filled the square. This is an indication of the depth of public sympathy in relation to this atrocious outrage now perpetrated in our midst.

From The Chronicle.

FUNERAL OF MR. BATCHELDER.—The funeral services of Mr. Batchelder were held, yesterday afternoon, in the Unitarian Church, on Bunker Hill street. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Everett, and his discourse on the occasion was peculiarly solemn and impressive. The corpse was buried in the new cemetery on Bunker Hill street, and was followed to the grave by the relatives of the deceased and a long cortege of sympathising friends. Four of the assistants of the United States Marshal were present. Mr. Batchelder leaves no children, and his wife was absent in the country at the time of the murder of her husband.

From The Bee.

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER OF BATCHELDER.—The Police arrested in the Court-Square, Saturday afternoon, a negro named Nelson Hopewell. Mr. William C. Fay, a well known citizen, was conversing with a gentleman near the Court-House, when the negro took umbrage and made an assault. Officers Tarlton and Cook immediately took him under arrest. He struggled to escape, but found the officers quite too much for him. On being conveyed to the Watch-House, a loaded revolver and a dirk knife were found upon his person. The blade of the knife was *stained with blood*. Suspicion was roused that he might be the murderer of Batchelder, and upon examining the wound of the deceased it was found that the cut was made by a weapon like that taken from the negro. It will be recollected that Batchelder, just as he breathed his last said: "I'm stabbed." Taken in connection with the fact that Hopewell was seen in the thick of the mob, Friday night, guilt centers upon him with double force. We understand that there is other evidence bearing strongly against Hopewell.

PROGRESS OF THE TRIAL.

ON Monday morning the fugitive was arraigned before the Commissioners. He was closely guarded. Wendell Philips and Theodore Parker were present.

Mr. Ellis, for the defence, protested against proceeding with the case under the extraordinary state of things which surrounded them. It was not right and fit to proceed in a legal investigation when counsel came armed to the Court room. He protested also against proceeding while the defendant in this case is held in iron shackles. It was not fitting to have such an array of military plumes and epaulettes in this place.

The Commissioner said the examination must proceed. William Brent, from Virginia, testified that he knew Burns to be the slave of Col. Suttle. He also testified in relation to the escape of Burns, from his own confessions; that after loading lumber on board a vessel he fell asleep and was carried away from his master. The first words of the prisoner, on meeting Col. Suttle in this city, were, "How do you do, Master Charles?" Burns was asked if he was willing to go back, and answered "Yes." The mother of the prisoner lives on Col. Suttle's place. His mother is a slave of Col. Suttle.

Caleb Page, a teamster, residing in Somerville, was the next witness. He was present at the interview between Col. Suttle and Burns, and mainly corroborated the testimony of Brent.

The record of the ownership of Burns by Col. Suttle was then produced, subject to objections by the defence hereafter.

On Tuesday, Mr. Ellis opened the case for the defence. He took several objections of a technical character to the evidence offered by the claimant. The warrant was insufficient. He also contended, that, inasmuch as the evidence went to show that the prisoner fell asleep on board a vessel, and was brought away, it did not amount to an escape, according to the strict sense of the statute.

The complaint alleged that the fugitive escaped on the 24th of March. The defence called William Jones (coloured)—Knows the prisoner; saw him on the 1st day of March last; employed him on the 4th at the Mattapan Iron Works, South Boston, cleaning windows; was in my employ five days. Witness said he could not write, but produced a memorandum-book showing that Burns worked for him.

The witness Jones was cross-examined at great length, but his testimony as to seeing Burns about the first of March was not shaken.

Geo. H. Drew, book-keeper at the Mattapan Iron Works, testified that Jones, the previous witness, was employed there several days, commencing with the first of March, and had two or three men with him. The prisoner was one of them. Witness recognised him now, and felt sure of his identity.

Witness was closely cross-examined, but without shaking his direct testimony.

James G. Whittemore, member of the Common Council, was called—Was formerly a Director in the Mattapan Iron Company; is neither an Abolitionist nor a Free Soiler, but a hunker Whig. He saw the prisoner employed in cleaning windows at the Mattapan Works on the 8th or 9th of March last; William Jones was at work with him; noticed the mark on his cheek then, and also observed that his right hand was maimed. Witness fixed the date from the fact that he arrived home from Philadelphia on the 8th March, and went directly to the shop. He was quite positive of the identity of Burns.

Stephen Maddocks (coloured) testified that he saw Burns on the 1st or 2d of March.

B. H. D. Gilman and Wm. C. Culver, employés at the Mattapan Works, testified to seeing Burns at work there.

John Favor, carpenter, swore positively to having seen Burns in his shop in Lincoln street about the 1st of March; Jones was with him. They called to ask witness for employment.

Horace W. Brown, police officer, who had been employed at the Mattapan Works, testified to seeing Burns there previous to the 12th of March.

WEDNESDAY, May 31, 1854.

The examination in the fugitive slave case was resumed this morning at 9 1-2 o'clock.

The Court-room was quite full, and the crowd outside exhibited a large increase on yesterday's attendance.

The Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker were in the Court-room.

Erastus B. Gould and Wm. H. Batchelder were called by the prosecution to rebut the testimony given yesterday. Their evidence tended to vitiate the testimony of William Jones.

Mr. Ellis objected to the introduction of conversation between Jones and the prisoner.

The Court ruled that they might introduce such conversation, so as to show that Jones had made a contrary statement.

Benj. Zane, one of the Marshal's special Deputies, was called by the prosecution to prove the admission of the prisoner as to the time he left Virginia.

Messrs. Dana and Ellis strongly objected.

Mr. Thomas replied that the main question here is as to identity. Is Anthony Burns the same as described in the record? He held that the record is conclusive that one Anthony Burns did owe service in Virginia, and he wished to show by the admissions of the prisoner that he is that man.

Mr. Dana opposed this mode of identification. We attack the record by showing that the prisoner could not have been in Virginia on the 20th March, he being here on the 1st.

Mr. Thomas said the record did not show the time of escape, but merely set forth services due. He did not deem the time of escape material.

The Court ruled that the admissions of the prisoner could be received, and further added: "These questions are quite subtle, and should I change my mind, I will give you notice."

Mr. True then commenced giving evidence, but was continually interrupted by counsel. Witness said he had been here about two months, perhaps not quite so long, and that he came from Richmond, Va.

The case for the prosecution closed here.

Mr. Dana then commenced the closing argument for the defence.

Mr. Dana made an eloquent and impressive argument for the defence, and Seth J. Thomas closed for the claimant. We have no room for a sketch of the pleadings on either side.

The Commissioner, at 6 P. M., adjourned the case till Friday morning, when his decision will be given.

INCIDENTS.

A SALE OF THE FUGITIVE UTTERLY REFUSED.—We learn that Saturday night, when those who were negotiating with Suttle and his counsel for the sale of Burns, parted with him about 12 o'clock, it was understood that they would meet again on Monday morning and complete the arrangement. But when they went to him again to have the documents executed, as had been agreed, he said to them: "I WILL NOT SELL MY SLAVE FOR $1,200, NOR FOR ANY SUM, BUT I WILL TAKE HIM BACK TO VIRGINIA." Those who had believed that Burns could and would be released on Monday, by paying the claimant's price for him, then fully beheld and felt the real purpose of this man-hunt in Boston.—*Commonwealth.*

The United States revenue cutter Morris lies at anchor near the end of Central wharf, ready for a voyage. It is currently reported that she is under orders to take Burns on board and carry him to Baltimore, as soon as the Commissioner gives him up to the claimant. We shall see if she has occasion to undertake that voyage, for which she is commissioned by our slave-catching Government. Her officers and crew must feel a very peculiar consciousness of the dignity conferred upon them, if the report is true that they have been ordered to undertake this mean business. What is the glory of Captain Ingraham and the St. Louis, to that about to be won by the Morris and her commander?—*Ibid.*

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the forenoon, excepting the arrival of a band of some 200 to 300 men from Worcester, bearing a banner on which was inscribed "Worcester Freedom Club." They proceeded to the Tremont Temple and held a meeting in Melodeon Hall; Dr. Mitchell of Worcester presided, and addresses were made by Dr. Martin, of Worcester; Wm. Lloyd Garrison, S. S. Foster, and S. P. Hanscom. The latter stated that a writ of replevin, to take the fugitive Burns out of the custody of the U. S. Marshal, had been placed in the hands of one of the Coroners of Suffolk, who would serve it, provided he could obtain sufficient force to aid him. The speaker was evidently much excited, and called for volunteers to aid the said Coroner.—*Atlas of Tuesday.*

A dispatch from Washington says that "Mr. Everett writes from Boston that he finds there a feeling of hostility which he can neither approve of nor resist. The dissatisfaction is strongest among the staunchest friends of the Compromise of 1850."

A petition, worded as follows, is at the Exchange Reading Rooms, and has already received the signatures of many of our leading merchants:

"*To the Honourable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:*

"The undersigned, *men of Massachusetts*, ask for the repeal of the Act of Congress of 1850, known as the FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

"Dated at Boston, May 29, 1854."

The New Bedford *Mercury*, of Monday, understands that "the Hon. John H. Clifford, Attorney General, yesterday received a telegraphic dispatch offering him a retainer in behalf of Burns, the fugitive slave in Boston. The offer came from several leading Whig merchants of Boston. Mr. Clifford was reluctantly compelled to decline the retainer in consequence of a press of official business."—*Ibid.*

In the Board of Aldermen, on the 29th May, Alderman Williams offered the following order:

That his Honour the Mayor be, and he is hereby, instructed to notify Hon. Peleg Sprague, Judge of the District Court of the United States, to discontinue the use of any of the rooms of the Court-House, on Court square as a place of confinement for any fugitive slave, or any person charged with being a fugitive slave; and that he also be directed to order the United States Marines, now stationed in said building, to be removed from thence, so that the proceedings of the State Courts may not be interrupted, and that the same be attended to forthwith.

Alderman Dunham moved to lay the order on the table; and the vote was taken as follows: Yeas, 3; Nays, 3. The Mayor gave his casting vote in the affirmative.

The Boston *Times* publishes the following letter from J. G. Whittier:

AMESBURY, 29th Fifth month, 1854.

In thy paper of this morning I see a paragraph stating that, at a meeting of coloured citizens in Boston, a document was read from me, tendering aid for the liberation of the new victim of the Fugitive Slave law. As the paragraph stands, it might be inferred that I was in favour of the extreme measures said to have been proposed to the meeting; and only notice it for the opportunity of saying that, so far from counselling resistance, I have always and on all occasions deprecated it, and have, on the present occasion, most earnestly entreated my friends in Boston to abstain from even the appearance of it. That I feel indignant at this new outrage—that I look with horror upon the Fugitive Slave law, and deeply sympathize with you—I need not say. But I regard all violence as evil and self-destructive, and earnestly desire that the friends of freedom and humanity may be preserved from it; and if my voice could reach my coloured friends especially I would say: Be calm, be patient—God rules, and oppression cannot endure forever. J. G. WHITTIER.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1854.

MAN-HUNTING IN NEW YORK.

AGAIN has the soil of New York been desecrated by the bloody foot of the man-hunter! Once more has this city been disgraced by the enforcement therein of the Fugitive Slave act, and that, too, in spite of the indignation excited by the Nebraska perfidy. The deed was accomplished, however, not openly and boldly, as heretofore, but stealthily and by means of the most barefaced official lying. If the people had been warned in time of what was going on, we don't believe the kidnappers would have carried off their prey without a struggle. The Fugitive Slave bill is no longer sacred in the eyes of the New York merchants. Far enough from it. They may not be ready to embark in a rescue, *a la Jerry*, but they wouldn't cry if the next Southern slaveholder that comes here should happen to get a coat of tar and feathers or even lose his life. The revolution in the state of public opinion is most marked, and the slaveholders may well regard it as the precursor of the fate that must befall their institution when the North has learned to be true to herself.

On Friday morning of last week, three coloured men, one of them claimed as the slave of David Smith, of Sharpsburg, Washington County, Md., the others as the slaves of Jacob H. Grove, of the same place, were arrested at a house in Thompson street, where they arrived on the Wednesday previous. The group consisted of Stephen Pembroke and his two sons, Robert and Jacob Pembroke, 19 and 17 years of age. Stephen is a brother of Rev. Dr. Pennington, of this city, and is 45 years of age. The Doctor had not seen his brother since his own escape from Slavery, 27 years ago. He had never seen his nephews until they arrived here.

It seems that the fugitives escaped on or about the 21st ult. Their masters followed them to Baltimore and thence to Philadelphia, where they succeeded in getting upon the same train with them, bound for New York. At Newark the fugitives deemed it wise to leave the train, and they did so unobserved by their pursuers until the cars were in motion for Jersey City—they being all this time unconscious of the proximity of the claimants and their pliant official agents, Graham and one Augustus Briggs, who also came on to serve them as a convenient witness. The subsequent arrival of the coloured men in this City during Wednesday evening was watched with all the vigilance of the aforesaid claimants and their agents, assisted by such confederates in this City as they readily found to assist in their "peculiar" work. They were traced to the dwelling of a coloured family in Thompson street, where they were permitted to remain in unconsciousness of personal danger until a very early hour on Friday morning, when a rush was made to their sleeping-place, the lock forced and the inmates hurried off to the police station to await the movements of United States authorities. About 8 1-2 o'clock, as is supposed, the Marshal of this District, Abraham Y. Hillier, carried the fugitives before the U. S. Commissioner, G. W. Morton, where the case came up for the most summary and hasty hearing that has ever characterised our judicial proceedings. The claimants, Messrs. Grove and Smith, were represented by the law firm of Dunning & Smith, of this city, as counsel, while the defendants were totally unrepresented! The merest forms of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 were then hurried through. The fugitives had the aid neither of lawyer nor friend. The Commissioner found the documents from Maryland "all right," and, after taking the testimony offered by the kidnapper, consigned the poor fugitives to Slavery, and pocketed his fees with less hesitation and reluctance than were exhibited by Judas Iscariot when he betrayed Jesus of Nazareth into the hands of his implacable enemies.

These proceedings took place at so early an hour, and withal so privately, that some time elapsed before the friends of humanity were apprised of the facts. The U. S. officers, when inquired of as to the facts, affirmed that the fugitives had gone off to the South, but it afterwards appeared that the scoundrels were seeking by falsehood to quiet the rising indignation of the people. The following card from Hon. Erastus D. Culver explains itself:

A CARD.

I desire to lay the following facts before the public:

I was sent for to-day at 12 o'clock, at Brooklyn, to attend the hearing of an alleged slave case before a United States Commissioner in New York.

I arrived at the Marshal's office about twenty minutes past 1, inquired for the imprisoned men, and was told they were not there, that they had had their trial and had been taken off; that they did not want counsel—were willing to go back—admitted they were slaves, &c. I inquired of the Deputies what time they went—in whose charge, &c., and was distinctly and repeatedly told they went in the fore part of the day, and went in charge of a U. S. officer.

Mr. Jay had been there before me, and made inquiries, and from him I learned that, hearing of an arrest having been made, he went to the Commissioner's office at half-past twelve, for the purpose of offering his services as counsel for the prisoners. He met Mr. Morton in the street, in front of his office, and stated the object of his visit, and asked if he could see the prisoners. Mr. Morton replied that the prisoners did not want any counsel, that their case had been adjudicated; that he made out a warrant, and that the prisoners had been removed and were no longer in the building.

And yet, after these positive assurances of Morton and of the Marshal's Deputies, I thought proper to make inquiries of some others, not in pay of the Government. Mrs. Dr. Pennington shortly after put me in possession of such facts as led me to distrust the statements both of Morton and the Deputies.

I went with her in a few moments to a room, where we suspected the prisoners were, and there found *the three men locked up.* One was the brother, and the other two the nephews of the Rev. Dr. Pennington, a Presbyterian Clergyman of Brooklyn.

From them we learned an entire different story. They said they desired counsel, and aid of friends; that they were anxious for their freedom; that they had no counsel, had been tried privately, with a lawyer against them whom they called Mr. James M. Smith, of New York; no witness, except some documents and themselves, and that they were soon to be taken away.

I then applied on behalf of Dr. Pennington to Judge Hoffman, and obtained habeas corpus, and a warrant, but before the officers having my process reached the Jersey City Ferry, the three men had been taken out of the State some ten minutes.

I leave the conduct of Marshal Hillyer, and the statements of his *truthful* Deputies, with those of Commissioner Morton, to be passed upon as they severally deserve.

E. D. CULVER,
New York, May 26, 1854 No. 289 Broadway.

The lies of the United States officers did not prevent the collection about the United States Court Room in Murray Street of a large number of coloured people. At 3 1-2, P. M., the fugitives were taken out of the room in which they were confined, and, under a strong guard of policemen, put into a carriage and hurried across the Jersey City Ferry, where, with their captors, they took the cars for the South. The reporter of the *Tribune* (we are mainly indebted to that paper for the history of the case) saw them in the private room of the ladies' car, hand-cuffed, and guarded by the Baltimore officer (Graham), and several other persons whose names could not be ascertained. There was some curiosity manifested by a few white persons, but no crowd, and no excitement. There were no coloured people in the Station House. Had there been, it is probable that the temptation to undertake a rescue would have been irresistible. There was certainly little in the way of its success except the terrors of United States law, the victims being in an open car, unprotected by a single policeman, and surrounded by female as well as male passengers, whose presence, in so confined and crowded a space, would have rendered revolvers rather unavailable to the assailed.

On Sunday evening a large and deeply interesting meeting was held in Dr. Pennington's Church, in Prince Street, near Broadway, at which this outrage was made the theme of indignant speeches by Dr. Pennington, Hon. E. D. Culver, Rev. Wm. Goodell, Dr. J. E. Snodgrass and others. Dr. Pennington gave a sad history of the Pembroke family, of which he is the only representation in this city. His ancestors, about four generations ago, were taken from Africa. His grandfather was the son of a Madingo prince, and heir apparent to the throne. Having been brought to this country, he was sold into Slavery in the Tilghman family of Hagerstown, Washington Co., Md., which was very opulent and respectable. His misfortunes were, of course, the downfall of his family in this country; for having the misfortune to be kidnapped, his posterity became slaves. They continued to be owned by the Tilgham family until the year 1837. On a November Sabbath he (the speaker) effected his escape; but he left his father, mother, and eleven brothers and sisters in the possession of Col. Tilgham. Soon after that the whole family nearly was sold South, under the apprehension that they intended to run away. So far as the Doctor could inform us, says the *Tribune*, the present state of this broken and scattered family is as follows:

Uncle Basil and Aunt Nelly escaped to Pennsylvania at a camp meeting. Aunt Nelly was taken, carried back to Maryland and sold to Missouri. Uncle Basil continued his flight to Canada, where he is now safe. Robert fled to Pennsylvania, where he died.

Margaret married a free man, who purchased her, but she did not live long to enjoy the boon of freedom.

Horace, Richard and Vernon have also died.

Maria, with her husband, escaped to Canada, where she is now free.

Emmeline was sold to Missouri.

Basil and Daniel are both owned by a relative of one of the wealthiest merchants in Boston (if we are rightly informed).

The fate of Stephen and his sons is given above.

Mr. Culver's speech was as eloquent as it was indignant in its spirit in view of this terrible illustration of the power of Slavery in our midst. He said:

Such was his indignation at the time of this iniquitous procedure that he declared to one of the minions of the Commissioner that, although he was a man of peace, and never counseled resistance to the laws, still, if the poor pittance of the slave law were denied the accused, he would not only counsel the pulling down of the house over the minion's head, but the battering of his head on his shoulders [cheers]. Such men as these are not the guardians of the law; they are the men who trample law under their feet.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this meeting sympathize most profoundly with the victims of Slavery whom the Fugitive Slave Bill have so recently thrust back into their chains, as the last act of the dark and cruel drama of American despotism in this nominally free City so often outraged and disgraced by the foul feet of the slave-catcher, and we sincerely condole with their bereaved relatives in this City (the Rev. Dr. Pennington and family), in his crushed affections and hopes under these most painful and trying circumstances.

Resolved, That this meeting rejoices that the Fugitive Slave Bill can no longer be executed except through the infamy of lies and subterfuges by United States officers.

The safe arrival at Baltimore of the kidnappers and their prey has been duly heralded. The *Times* understands that Rev. Dr. Pennington has received a letter from Mr. Grove, the owner of his brother, offering to sell him to him if he desires to buy him, and saying that he will await a reply from him before selling him to the *drivers*. He does not name any price.

THE BOSTON SLAVE CASE.

WE give up a large portion of our space this week to reports of the arrest and trial of a fugitive slave in Boston, and the proceedings resulting therefrom, and yet the want of room compels us to omit many interesting details. For the same reason we must withhold for the present the comments which these events so loudly demand, and content ourselves with calling the attention of the reader to the letter of our Boston Correspondent and the reports we have gleaned from the press of that city and from other sources.

In some respects the report we have copied of the Faneuil Hall meeting is calculated to make a wrong impression. The following extract of a letter to the *Evening Post* will supply the necessary qualifications and corrections:

The proceedings at Faneuil Hall have been atrociously misrepresented. Several persons in the crowd, and at various times during the several speeches, called out, in answer to such appeals as "What will you do?" "Fight!" But it was always talked down—it was not the temper of the meeting; and towards the close Wendell Phillips rebuked the call for violence and a charivari to the kidnapper at the Revere House, as he only can rebuke, till he entirely changed the current a few unruly men were striving to direct. It was at this conjuncture that an announcement was made that a mob were attacking the Court-House. The great mass of the audience went quickly, but quietly, without shouting or hooting, as they would have done if bent on mischief, and being myself one of the first to arrive there, I can give you my testimony.

So far from being the work of the leaders in the meeting, or of those who were at the meeting, or in any sense the result of their counsels, all the counsels (and I defy any man to deny it), were to dissolve and go home, to make no demonstration of any kind that night, but to meet in Court-Square the following morning, at the opening of the court, and to "see the fugitive if possible," said Wendell Phillips; "for if this iniquity is to be enacted in our midst, it is befitting and a solemn duty that we should see it done." Mr. Parker counselled: "Come with the arms which God has given you, and none others." The only thing which might have been perverted into advice of violent means (for it would have been a pure perversion) was, Mr. Parker, I think, in speaking of the spirit which actuated our revolutionary fathers, said, "The end of peace could not always be secured with peaceful means—at least as they thought." Occasionally I hear thoughtless and angry persons, who hate Abolitionists much more deeply than they love liberty say, they wish Phillips and Parker could be arrested. "They know not what they say." They know not how much they are indebted to those courageous men, that the spirit of our brave forefathers is not quite extinct in this city of the Pilgrims.

I will give you an instance of their courage. I have known many others. Were such self-sustained souls more numerous, we should have no doughfaces to debase our New England character in the halls of the nation at Washington. By the aid of a wicked press of this city, the impression was spread that the death of Batchelder was attributable to violent counsels of these friends of humanity at Faneuil Hall. Some "lovers of order" tried to get up a disturbance by the truckmen (to which class the dead man belonged), and it was rumoured that their houses were to be sacked. A hundred friendly tongues soon conveyed the warning to them, and sent for the police to protect them, they having *positively declined to do it.* Friends besought them to leave their houses, but they *steadfastly refused to do it.* And as to the *man of violence*, a good anecdote was told me by an eye-witness: Some hour or more after this news reached him, a friend went to consult with him and offer his services, when he found him engaged in (you would never guess how!) in prayer? No, not that! Why, in *putting away* in places of safety *his arms* and certain revolutionary relics, which he wouldn't have fall into the hands of the unworthy, even though he himself should be so unfortunate.

Among the most aggravating circumstances connected with the case is the fact, stated by a correspondent of the *Tribune*, that large numbers of Southern men have made a descent upon Boston, and there insult the public sentiment and aggravate the public irritation by their exasperating boasts that they are there to take Burns off in the day time and through State street, in defiance of the public sentiment against kidnapping. Such insufferable insolence, says that paper, can only be brooked in a community abased to the last degree of humiliation. It is the language and conduct suited and doubtless intended to provoke consequences the most deplorable. Are these men, too, emissaries of the Nebraska leaders, and delegated agents to provoke the bloodshed and butchery over which the slave-drivers propose to march to the conquest of the free States.

—Our paper goes to press at too early an hour to permit us to announce the result of the trial the present week. The Commissioner's decision will be given on Friday. We *hope* it may be in favour of freedom, but we may be disappointed. It is understood that, if Commissioner Loring discharges the fugitive, he will be instantly pounced upon by the hounds upon his track, and brought before that judicial bull-dog Mr. Commissioner Hallet. In that event he will be sure to be consigned to Slavery beyond a peradventure, so far as lies in the power of that officer to accomplish the doom.

WORK TO BE DONE.

THE *Tribune*, in answer to numerous letters, expressing the deepest abhorrence of the foul deed just consummated at Washington and asking what the writers can *do* in the present emergency, gives the following counsel:

We say to one and all, don't enlist in the war now commencing and engage to lead off unless you are ready and willing to *work*, for by so doing you may throw better men out of posts they would gladly occupy. But if you are really in earnest, why begin, and first: Establish committees, associations, leagues, in every county, town and school district in the free States, to promote the object of restoring the Missouri Compromise line. To re-establish that landmark of freedom is the first great object now before us.

Secondly: Take the proper steps to get the right men nominated to Congress. Exact a pledge of every candidate that he will support the measure of Restoration, first, last and always. After this, insist upon two other requisites and let the rest go. Get men who have back-bone, and who won't cheat. The difficulty with the present Congress is that a great mistake has been made in its composition. Men have been sent to Washington who were intended for the penitentiary.

Thirdly: Prepare to receive the members who have sold out, in a becoming manner, when they shall return home. Their act has been significant, let their reception be significant.

Fourthly: Examine the "Plan for Freedom" put forth in this day's paper, and enter upon the labours there suggested.

We here present ample scope for the activity and energy of every man, and suggest fields of operation in which all may profitably engage.

It may be well to aim at restoring the Missouri Compromise line through the repeal of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; but we are sorry the *Tribune* does not go further than this, and declare its hostility to the extension of Slavery below as well as above that line, and its purpose to exterminate it wherever it may be found. We had hoped that the era of half-way measures had forever gone by, and that the struggle between Slavery and Freedom in time to come would be one of life and death, without the possibility of compromise on either side. To this complexion it *must* come before the North can achieve a victory.

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION commenced its sessions for the present year on Tuesday. EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., was elected President. Our columns are so crowded with the accounts of the Boston Slave Case that we cannot find room this week even for the meagre reports that have reached us of the first and second days' proceedings. We regret this the less inasmuch as we expect to have a full report next week.

REV. THEODORE PARKER'S SPEECH, delivered before the New York Anti-Slavery Society, at the Tabernacle, on the 12th instant, and published in the *Standard* of last week,

Miscellaneous Department.

THE ART OF BEING QUIET.

An old writer—I think it is Jeremy Taylor—says: "No person that is clamorous can be wise." This is one of those sayings which everybody believes without reasoning about, because it accords with things already tried and proved by the great bulk of mankind. We are all disposed to assume that a man of few words thinks much; that one who is never in a bustle gets through twice as much work as another who is always hurried. And the disposition to believe this is not weakened by finding many exceptions to the rule. A silent fool who passes for a wise man until he begins to speak, is not a perfect fool; on account of his quietness, that outward semblance of wisdom, he is less foolish than his talkative brother. And a wise man who has spoken largely—and there have been many such, from Confucius and Socrates down to Bacon and Goethe—is not reckoned any the less wise for having made some noise in the world. The silence of the fool and the eloquence of the wise cannot be adduced in argument against the utility of being quiet, nor can

The loud laugh that marks the vacant mind.

The art of being quiet can lay just claim to the attentive consideration of sensible folk and people of an artistic or speculative turn of mind, and should have its claim allowed on fitting occasions. With your leave, good reader, I will take the present occasion to be one of those, and will offer you a few words on the subject.

It has struck me that the art of being quiet, besides being one of the most useful arts, must be reckoned among the fine arts, since it ministers largely to our love of the beautiful. The very words *quiet, repose, calmness, tranquillity, peace,* are in themselves beautiful, and suggest either the essence or a very important component of all true beauty. Therefore, it will be well to consider the art of being quiet from an æsthetic as well as from a utilitarian point of view.

To begin with the utility of being quiet. All the world seems agreed that it is essential to their *bien-etre physique;* for all the world is ready to do, say, or give "anything for a quiet life." One of the first lessons taught to our children is the necessity of acquiring this art. "Be quiet, child!" is an exhortation of as frequent recurrence in the British nursery and school-room as the famous "Know thyself!" was in the ancient groves of Academe. But physiologists can testify that the lesson is by no means a profitable one to the child, and that it is inculcated mainly for the benefit of the grown-up world around, who dislike the noise which is a necessity of development to the young. So necessary is noise to the healthy development of children, that whenever we meet with a child who is remarkable for its quietness, we are apt to infer that it is in a morbid or diseased state; and the physician will generally pronounce the inference correct. In fact, the quiet life so much desired by adults is not natural or desirable during the years when existence goes on unconsciously. It is only when we begin to *think* about life, and how we should live, that the art of being quiet assumes its real value; to the irrational creature it is nothing; to the rational it is much. In the first place, it removes what Mr. De Quincey, with his usual grand felicity of expression, calls "the burden of that distraction which lurks in the infinite littleness of details." It is this infinite littleness of details which takes the glory and the dignity from our common life, and which we who value that life for its own sake and for the sake of its great Giver, must strive to make finite. Since unconscious life is not possible to the intellectual adult, as it is to the child—since he cannot go on living without a thought about the nature of his own being, its end and aim—it is good for him to cultivate a habit of repose, that he may think and feel like a man, putting away those childish things—the carelessness, the thoughtless joy, "the tear forgot as soon as shed," which, however beauliful, because appropriate, in childhood, are not beautiful, because not appropriate, in mature age. The art of being quiet is necessary to enable a man to possess his own soul in peace and integrity — to examine himself, to understand what gifts God has endowed him with, and to consider how he may best employ them in the business of the world. This is its universal utility. It is unwholesome activity which requires not repose and thoughtful quiet as its forerunner, and every man should secure some portion of each day for voluntary retirement and repose within himself.

But besides this conscious, and, as it were, active use of quiet, which is universal in its beneficial effects, there is a passive—though, to the adult, not unconscious—use of quiet, which belongs only to particular cases, and which is even of higher beneficial effect. I say, to the adult it is not unconscious, because this same passive use of quiet operates upon children of finer and nobler organization than the average, and in their case it operates unconsciously. In both cases—in that of the unconscious child and that of the conscious man—the still, calm soul is laid bare before the face of nature, and is affected by "the spirit breathing from that face." It does not study, nor scrutinize, nor seek to penetrate the mystery; it does not even feel that there is any burden in that mystery; it is simply quiet beneath the overarching influences, and purely recipient. De Quincey has this sort of mental quiet in his mind—the passive as opposed to the active quiet—when he cites Wordsworth's well-known verses in the following passage: "It belongs to a profound experience of the relations subsisting between ourselves and nature, that not always are we called upon to seek; sometimes, and in childhood above all, we are sought.

> 'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
> Of things forever speaking,
> That nothing *of itself* will come,
> But we must still be seeking.'

And again—

> 'Nor less I deem that there are powers
> Which *of themselves* our minds impress;
> And we can feed this mind of ours
> In a wise passiveness.'"

The wisdom of such passiveness can never be doubted by those who have felt the impress of the invisible powers upon their own minds when in that state, or have had opportunities of observing similar effects on the minds of children. It is when a mind is thus wisely passive, that it is open to revelations and to inspirations. This is the mental state of the poet and of the prophet in the exercise of their proper functions. This sort of quiet can be described much better than it can be taught; for, although it certainly comes within the limits of the art of being quiet, it has "a grace beyond the reach of art." To give rules for its attainment, would savour of presumption in one who cannot pretend to be an adept; but, without presumption, I may indicate in what manner these rules may be discovered by those who wish to know them. In two ways may the art of being quiet—in this high passive sense—be attained: first, by natural instinct or genius; second, by habituating the mind to the practice of that lower, and, as it were, active art of being quiet, which it is incumbent on us all to acquire as a condition of moral health in this busy world, wherein the verb *to do* ranks so much higher than the verb *to be*. The way of instinct or genius cannot be taught. The other way can. We can all learn how to be quiet in that sense.

To begin with externals. We must, in this respect, keep the body in subjection, avoiding all unnecessary motion. It is one step gained when we can *sit still* and think within ourselves, or listen to another. Another step is gained when we have learned to bridle the tongue—when we are silent, not only that we may hear the voice of another, but that we may hear the voices of our own heart and conscience. Then, indeed, silence is better than speech. We must be careful never to give utterance to half-thoughts or hasty opinions, but to wait in patient silence till we have matured them in our brains. A calm, earnest manner, when we are most actively employed: *Ohne hast aber ohne Rast*, as the German proverb says, is also another external characteristic of mental quietude. But the mental quietude itself, the art of being quiet, is a something which works beneath the surface. This art gives to ordinary men a power and influence which men, in other respects far above the ordinary, cannot attain without it. The amount of self-governance which it establishes is admirable. Thought, word and deed are under control of the reasoning will: irregular and irrational impulses never carry away the man in spite of his reason; he is always master of himself—that is, being self-possessed. Thence proceed "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." The kingdom of the mind is kept in order and peace, so that external disturbances—what is called the tyranny of circumstances—may move, but cannot upset it; it is quiet within, and commands respect from others. This is attainable by minds of mediocre endowments: a man need not have a great genius to be serene and mentally quiet — quiet enough to examine his own powers, and keep them always ready for active service. This is doing one of the highest earthly duties; and in the performance of it a certain sort of greatness is attained—that useful sort of greatness implied by the wise man when he says: "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."

Before I say a few words about the beauty of being quiet, or, as it was called above, the æsthetical view of the subject, I cannot refrain from setting before my readers a passage from a new book by an old favourite of the book-loving public; for Leigh Hunt is an old and ever-new favourite with all persons of refined and cultivated literary taste; the sorrows of life have chastened, matured, strengthened and beautified his character, so that his genius sends forth as bright a light in old age as ever it sent in youth. Hear what he now says: "It is good to prepare the thoughts in gentleness and silence for the consideration of duty. Silence as well as gentleness would seem beloved of God. For to the human sense, and like the mighty manifestation of a serene lesson, the skies and the great spaces between the stars are silent. Silent, too, for the most part, is earth; save where gentle sounds vary the quiet of the country, and the fluctuating solitudes of the waters. Folly and passion are rebuked before it; peace loves it, and hearts are drawn together by it, conscious of one service and of one duty of sympathy. Violence is partial and transitory; gentleness alone is universal and ever sure. It was said of old, under a partial law, and with a limited intention, but with a spirit beyond the intention, which emanated from the God-given wisdom in the heart, that there came a wind that rent the mountains, and brake the rocks in pieces, before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still, small voice. Such is the God-given voice of conscience in the heart; most potent when most gentle, breaking before it the difficulties of worldly trouble, and inspiring us with a calm determination."

If such be the moral effects of silence and quiet, we may be sure that the æsthetic effects will correspond, for goodness and beauty are radically the same. In all the great works of art which remain to us from ancient times, and which are ensamples to modern artists, a perfect calmness and repose is noticeable. In all beautiful objects of our own time, whether among living creatures or in the productions of man's hand, there is a sentiment of quietness and serenity. Nothing disturbed, confused or hurried, affects us with a sense of beauty; whereas anything that produces a sense of stillness and repose, even though it may lack every other element of beauty, is often said to be beautiful, and does the work of a beautiful thing, which is to excite love or admiration in our minds. It is so especially with persons and with places. A person whose face and manner are full of that composure and gentle quietude which can emanate only from a peaceful and well-regulated mind, may not have a good feature nor a well-proportioned limb, and yet will attract others as if he or she were beautiful. They will be gladdened by the approach of such a one, love to be near him, to be under the influence of that beautiful or "beauty-making power," and feel all their gentlest and best feelings excited by his presence. More than all, they themselves will be quieted by being near him, for repose of character, and the loveliness attendant on it, are contagious. So it is with a quiet place—a place where order and fitness of details produce a unity of effect. This unity of aspect in a landscape or a room is what is called harmony in the language of art; it is what, in common language, may be called repose or quiet, and is the thing which we all seek—without knowing it, for the most part—when we gaze upon a natural landscape, or look round us in a room. A quiet comfortable room is full of beauty, and everybody loves it; a quiet beautiful landscape is full of the comfort which all beauty brings to the refined mind. There are also refined minds which, having attained in perfection the art of quiet, reflect their own harmony upon the landscape they look on, or the room in which they are; they carry about with them repose and quiet, as the joyous minds carry with them sunshine and gladness. In this world, so full of love and sorrow, the loving cannot always be glad, nor desire to be glad; but always they are glad to be quiet. Quietude is beautiful and good: let us strive to cultivate it in our hearts, that it may give us leisure and opportunity for raising and purifying our souls, which is the highest duty we have set before us on earth. Far be from our souls all noise and tumult, violence and confusion, even about good things; and let us learn to compose our hearts, that we may commune with high things, and heed as little as may be "the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," except to convert it into the "peace which passeth all understanding."—*Chambers's Journal.*

LAST MOMENTS OF AN ENGLISH KING.

An opportunity has been afforded us of examining, at our leisure, a curious collection of papers of the age of Charles the Second, recently discovered at Draycot House, near Chippenham, in Wiltshire: the seat of the ancient family of the Longs, of Draycot, in that county. The collection is very miscellaneous, consisting of printed broadsides, manuscript satires, not very decent, and, in some cases, too well known; news-letters, chiefly relating to matters of little general or even local interest, and other very miscellaneous sheets of handwriting, now and then containing facts of importance to the student of English manners and customs. The Jew's-eye of the whole (as an enthusiastic collector would call it), is a letter adding new points of consequence to the accounts we possess of the death-bed of Charles the Second. It is, unfortunately, without signature or address; but the air of truth throughout is so great, the known facts and details are so supported by other testimony, and the new facts it reveals are so consistent with what was passing around, and with the known character of the individuals to whom they relate, that the discovery of the letter must be considered an accession of consequence to the stock of materials illustrative of English history.

It is certainly remarkable that the death-beds of of King Charles the Second and his two great favourites, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester, are among the best known recorded by poets, historians, or biographers. Burnet has given us an account of the last hours of Lord Rochester, which a great moralist (Dr. Johnson) has recommended to all classes and conditions of readers. Pope has made an enduring picture of the worst inn's worst room in which Villiers breathed his last; and Mr. Macaulay has devoted fourteen pages of his History (and among the finest even in his volumes), to the last moments of King Charles the Second. The picture which Mr. Macaulay has drawn with so much fidelity and skill, has been compiled from printed and from manuscript sources. Every incident has been worked up, and given its proper place and proportion. One would have thought that no more was to be done to it. Our letter, however, throws much supplementary light upon the scene. Here it is, with spelling modernised. The writer is a lady, the wife of a person about the Court at Whitehall, with ample opportunities of obtaining information from the best-informed persons:

"Methinks I owe my dearest a particular relation of his late Majesty's sickness and death, with the intervening accidents which escape one's memory, if they are not written in the instant. On Sunday, the First of February, 1684-5, he found himself not well, which he did not confess, but thought it might pass away, as doubtless many other of his distempers had done. On Sunday night he sent to my Lord Chamberlain to send for his doctors to attend him the next morning to consult about his leg, in which he would not own a touch of the gout, but had favoured it about three weeks, and wore a plaster on it of his own prescription, but was returned to some degree of walking again. The doctors came according to his order, and Dr. Scarborough finding his speech falter, he ran and told the Duke. Dr. King, who was, I think called, though no sworn physician, perceived it too; and he went to my Lord Peterborough, who advised him to return, and be near at hand if any accident should happen. Whilst this passed, he rose out of his bed, and as he was deploring the death of my Lord Allington, could not pronounce his name, but stuttered 'All—All.' Tom Ho: who was on his knees, buckling his garters, turns quick, and looking him in the face, saw it strangely altered, and asked him—'Sir, how-d'ye-do?' He puffed, as when he is vexed, and would not answer, but rose hastily out of his chair, and went through two rooms into his closet, shutting the door against Tom Ho: who, in care would have pressed in after him. There he stayed, some say one, some two hours; but when Mr. H. heard him walk he ran to W. C. [Will Chiffinch] and bid him go round and persuade him out, which he did with some difficulty. As he opened the door, H: looked again, and seeing him much changed, he ran to the next room and drew in Dr. K. by the arm, not having time to speak. When he returned, his Majesty was sunk down in his chair, with his head to one side, and gave the dreadfullest shriek was ever heard. In the moment, Dr. K. stripped up the sleeve of his waistcoat (for he was not dressed), held the vein with his thumb, and opened a vein; but he not bleeding, he took a bottle out of his pocket, and dropped into his nose, then took it by the end, and shook it so as shook his whole head, which brought him out of his convulsion fit, so that he bled freely eighteen ounces. By this time Dr. Wetherly and others were assembled, and they approved of what was done, and applied a warming pan of coals to his head, and applied blisters to his back, arms, and thighs; in the meantime, seeing him foam much at the mouth, they wished a vomit, and the noise having drawn down James Chace, who was going to Temple Bar, to a patient, chanced to have one of Wetherly's prescriptions in his poket, which otherwise could not have been prepared under four hours. He took it, and it brought much phlegm off his stomach. When they opened the blisters, they wrought admirably. He was very sensible, and told Dr. Short that; but now he could not speak, and asked what ailed him. In the night, he was taken with something like a return, between eleven and one, but it passed easily. The next day he talked and rallied; and the doctors forbidding him, he said that order would have killed Harry Killigrew, but he would obey it."

Here we must break off to call the reader's attention to the new points about Lord Allington and Thomas Howard (Tom Howard was one of the Grooms of the Chamber—a *John* Chase was apothecary to the King's person), and to the King's good-humoured allusion to Harry Killigrew. The writer continues thus:

"I should have told you, in his fit his feet were cold as ice, and were kept rubbing with hot cloths, which were difficult to get. Some say the Queen rubbed one, and washed it in tears. Pillows were brought from the Duchess of Portsmouth's by Mrs. Roche. His Highness [the Duke of York] was first there, then I think the Queen (he sent for her); the Duchess of Portsmouth swooned in the chamber, and was carried out for air; Nelly roared to a disturbance, and was led out and lay roaring behind the door; the Duchess wept and returned; the Princess [afterwards Queen Anne] was not admitted, he was so ghastly a sight (his eye-balls turned that none of the blacks were seen, and his mouth drawn up to one eye), so they feared it might affect the child she goes with. None came in at the common door, but by an odd side-door to prevent a crowd, but enough at convenient times to satisfy all. The Grief of the Duchess of Portsmouth did not hinder packing and sending many strong boxes to the French Ambassador's; and the second day of the King's sickness, the chamber being kept dark (you know)—one who comes out of the light don't see very soon, and much less one who is between them and the light there is—so she came and went of the inside of the bed, and sat down o't, and taking the King's hand in hers, felt his two great diamond rings; and, thinking herself, alone, asked him what he did with them on, and said she would take them off, and did it at the same time, and looking up saw the Duke of the other side, steadfastly looking on her, at which she blushed much, and held them towards him, and said, 'Here, Sir, will you take them?' 'No, Madam,' said he, 'they are as safe in your hands as mine. I will not touch them till I see how things will go.' But since the King's death she has forgot to restore them, though he has not that she took, for he told the story."

Let the reader particularly observe the picture which the writer gives us for the first time, of Nelly's lying "roaring behind the door" (an incident unknown to Mr. Cunningham) and the fearful scene (new to Mr. Macaulay), of the Duchess of Portsmouth taking the rings from the fingers of the dying monarch. Hogarth has a ring incident nearly as terrible. The letter continues:

"Since this, every night, about the hours of twelve or one, he found an alteration, something of cold sweat, and some shivering; on Thursday the doctor thought it would conclude in an intermitting fever, and gave him the Jesuit's powder four times; afterwards he found his nose stopped, that he could not breathe at it, nor scarce at his throat, yet fell asleep and slept two hours at least, and waked and asked what o'clock, and said he was much refreshed with that sleep. It was either that day or Wednesday that he was let blood in one jugular vein; and Pierce missed (for the King's are not the best chirurgeons), then he struck the other, which bled well—they had done it there the first day, but the convulsions were so strong and sudden that they could not; yet then they gave him, after his vomit had wrought, a purge or two, which worked mighty well, and the second day he prescribed himself a purge or erapiora, which did the best in the world, as did everything he took, so that it was a wonder he died; but it was abundance of blood, and a transport of it to his head, and it discharged itself as it could, partly on his lungs, which were full of it, and partly, as I guess, at the end of the arteries (if any are in the head), for it fell down between the thick skin and the flesh, on his right shoulder and arm, in which he complained of pain two days before his death, and after the settling of the blood was there even in the fore-part of his shoulder, which is only usual in the hips, and that behind. Doubtless many things were prejudicial that were done, had his disease been known, but he had ever laughed at physicians, and would never come under their hands; so none knew his constitution since Fraiser died, who told him the last time he saw him, that if he would be let blood spring and fall, and take a purge or two in those seasons, he might live to a great age; but he never would do it."

Pearse, or Pierce, was Chirurgeon-General to the King's person, and is the Pearse so often mentioned by Pepys. Fraiser had been physician to the King: of his Court skill, Pepys has given an amusing account. The letter-writer now says something about herself, or rather her husband:

"My husband being there, with many others, he said, 'Gentlemen, I have suffered very much and more than any of you can imagine,' but not with impatience. At eleven o'clock a Thursday night he asked the hour, and when they told him, he answered, 'Then, at half-an-hour after twelve, I shall depart;' but lived till Friday, about that time in the morning. My husband was there with a sad heart, and heard him say, 'I have waited for this change, and desire to be dissolved.' He was then let blood by order of Council, though the physician despaired of life; he then died as peaceable as a lamb, and had his sense, though not his speech to the very last. He had with him, waiting without (when he was not well enough to pray), the Bishops of London and Durham, Deans of the Closet and Chapel, and was visited by his Grace of Canterbury, but none took so much pains as Bath and Wells [Ken], nor were so well versed in that sort of Divinity; but, oh! I tremble to tell you, would never be persuaded to receive the Communion, though he seemed to join in prayer, and audibly said 'Amen.' I have heard he was once private, with only three in the room (except some one waited privately in another hard by till that vacancy). What passed then, none can tell that will. He recommended all his relations that he considered to his brother. When he saw he should die, he first asked his pardon for all he had done to him which looked unkind, and said he was forced to it; then desired him to be kind to the Queen, and to his four children by the Duchess of Cleveland, and made them kneel down, and desired him to embrace them; the like he did to the rest; and the King named them, but could not bring out Bur.'s name, but put him into his hand, and desired him to take care of his education, for he will be spoiled else; he desired him to be well to Portsmouth, and not let poor Nelly starve. The King that now is repeated over all the children, except Monmouth, whom his father had not named. He recommended neither Church, nor State, nor servants, nor debts. This King [James the Second] behaved himself from the beginning to the end the best in the world; he wept bitterly, and without affectation; he watched and kneeled by him till he could scarce rise or stand, and paid duty and respect to the very last moment. They left the corpse in bed, covered with a sheet till next day, that he was opened—I think it was till Sunday—and in that time any one might see him. They say he looked then as in health; his blisters having made him raw, and the covering made him stink without, but his inwards were all good and sound, and might have lasted many years, though one little part of one side of his lungs was tainted or perished. The twelfth he will be removed to the painted chamber, and then the Lords ordered to attend his funeral, which will be performed without cost; the whole family to be dismissed; and the King will live as privately as when he was Duke till he sees what the Parliament will do to establish his house; so that there will not be such a thing as a Green Cloth, though established by Act of Parliament. Some talk of resuming Crown lands, &c."

The name contracted by the writer, and which the King could not "bring out," is supposed to be Burford, the King's son, by Eleanor Gwyn.

"Sir Scroop How made his peace for desperate words of scandal against the Duke of York, sworn by two witnesses two days before the King fell ill; but Sir Walter Young was not so fortunate, who would have kissed the present King's hand, and was refused, though his cousin my Lord Churchill was his mediator, but he was told a time was near in which his reality would appear, and after that he should. My wise Lord Max. is, I believe, at the same pass; for he confesses he had employed a friend, but had not heard from him since. * * * no mortal knows, nor is it very material; my Lord Devon refused to appear at Council when the first proclamation was signed, not as a Whig, for he is much otherways, but thinks the death of a King dissolves the Privy Council, and it would be a lessening to his quality to obey a summons from men out of commission. Dartmouth is Master of the Horse, at which Portsmouth storms in her own lodgings; but when she desired to speak with his Majesty she could not come within three rooms of him, without sending for the Groom of the Stole (my Lord Peterborough) to get her admitted (as other people now do). He brought her through the rooms, and she went into the closet, but nobody heard what passed there, though it is said the King said that he would take care of her son (the Duke of Richmond) if she would leave him to him, but that he would have a Master of the Horse who was able to execute the office. He received Colonel Strang. and Wad. very kindly, acknowledging their constant fidelity, and promising to do them good, and continued them Colonel; in fine, you will see rewards and punishments come mightily in fashion, and a more active prince than has been since Queen Elizabeth. The [illegible] in this regiment he was colonel of when Duke [illegible] Col. Werden is Cofferer, the Lord Lieutenant and Deputies of Surrey dined together two days to consult about knights of the shire. Some proposed S. B. M.; but he declined, and there were named, Sr. A. Bn., Sr. J. V., and Sr. E. E., so they are to agree which of the two shall stand, but should Onslow, Z. P., or Sr. N. Ca. stand, I doubt them much.

"It is said there is a written or printed order for mourning, but I have not seen it. Earls' coaches are wholly in mourning; officers must have a coloured cloak; in fine, I do not know very well, but Earls must wear long cloaks; all must wear cloth waistcoats and little cuffs. The Queen Dowager's court wears cambric, all others muslin. The Queen Dowager puts off her maids—Mrs. Swan and Villiers go to the young Queen, the rest to their friends, and pages of honour must go home too; every part lessens to an atom, so there will be great frugality in fashion. The King says he will keep no more servants than he can pay quarterly. Have you heard how concerned the common people were for the King's sickness? they cried as they walked the streets, and great sadness in all faces, and great crowds at all the gates, which were kept shut to keep out the rabble; yet to all the extravagant reports they have made they fancy this King in his speech at Council declared he would be of the Protestant religion, and that he had promised his brother so much, and had taken the sacrament on't, so they came thick and threefold to see him at chapel, but they said they could not see him because he was gone to the Abbey, and that next Sunday he would be at St. Martin's."

We have deciphered several of the initials, and further research might explain all. The historical interest of the letter is not to be doubted.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

A BIRTH-DAY LAMENT.... For The Standard.

Alone! alone! alone!
Sad, sad, the weary tone
Of this most desolate winter's moan!

No cheerful chickadee
Has sung one note to me—
Naught but the toad upon the tree.

The snow upon the moss
But melts into a cross,
As if to mind me of my loss.

The winds do whistle shrill,
Then calm themselves at will—
Thus, thus, I bid my heart be still.

Alone! alone! alone!
While thus I make my moan,
I know 'tis but the undertone.

For the great earth is round,
And people good abound,
And by my side are ofttimes found.

Ay, yet a few there are
Who make the world look fair
Through all this chill and filmy air.

And there is One above,
Whose very name is love,
Grand centre round which all doth move!

Feb. 23, 1854. A. P. C.

A TRIP TO SIBERIA.

Frogere, an actor at one of the minor theatres of the Boulevard in Paris, had entered into an engagement with the manager of the French theatre at St. Petersburgh, where he had the good fortune so greatly to please Paul I., that he soon became a distinguished favourite of that monarch. An ill-timed *bon mot* one day convinced Frogere how dangerous it was to speak too freely in the presence of the eccentric Autocrat. It was at the imperial dinner-table, when one of the guests lauded the present Emperor at the expense of Peter the Great. "That is robbing Peter to pay Paul," said the Emperor, turning to his favourite. "Is it not so, Frogere?"—"Certainly, sire," answered the latter. "To satisfy Paul we may rob not only Peter the Great, but also Peter the Apostle."—"And pray why so?" asked the Czar, quickly. "Because," said the actor, "Paul in his anger has frequently commanded in the words of our Saviour, 'Go, and bear the cross throughout the world, more especially in Siberia.'" Paul showed anger in his face, and no one dared to laugh or to be pleased with the actor's reply. A few minutes afterwards the Emperor rose and dismissed the company. It was in the middle of winter, about midnight, when Frogere was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door. He jumped from his bed, opened the door, and saw to his amazement, an officer and a file of soldiers enter the apartment. The former produced a warrant from the Emperor, banishing Frogere to Siberia. We may readily imagine the terror of the Frenchman. He cried, threw himself upon the floor, tore his hair, and repeatedly exclaimed, "What crime have I committed to deserve such punishment?" He received no answer. He begged for a few hours' delay, to throw himself at the feet of the monarch and learn the nature of his guilt. In vain: the officer would only allow him time to pack up a few clothes and linen. Scarcely was the operation finished when he was surrounded by the soldiers and carried outside the house, when a coach was in waiting. He was then lifted into it—more dead than alive—while two soldiers with drawn swords and cocked pistols, took their seats on each side of him. The doors of the vehicle were locked, and the officer giving the signal, the coach rolled away at full-speed, surrounded by a cavalry escort. How long the first stage lasted Frogere was unable to tell, the vehicle was so thickly covered that not the least ray of light could penetrate. He was told on entering the coach that the soldiers had orders to shoot him on the spot the moment he opened his mouth to put any questions to them. He consequently observed strict silence, and suffered a world of pain. The door of the coach was at last opened—it was broad daylight. His eyes were, however, bandaged, and he was led into a miserable hut, the doors and windows of which were closed as soon as he entered. When the bandage was removed, he saw by the faint glimmer of a rushlight a dish of coarse food upon a board before him. Though he had been fasting for some time he could hardly swallow a morsel; fear, however, induced him to eat, for the faces that watched his motions seem to portend no good. Siberia! Siberia! that was the only thought; he was to live in that terrible land. Frogere gave himself up to despair when the previous officer—by the bye, an old acquaintance—entered the room, attended by a courier. The poor prisoner felt as if he had not seen that friendly face for years. In the joy of his heart he was about to embrace him; but a motion with the hand and a stern look restrained him, while the finger of the officer pressed upon his lips imposed silence. He had flattered himself that the courier had brought an order for his release, but he was mistaken. The officer dismissed his guide and ordered the soldiers to leave the room and wait outside. Being alone with the prisoner, he said, almost in a whisper, "Frogere, we must now part. I have accompanied you to the first stage, and you will hence be under the inspection of another officer. Be careful not to speak a word. I risk much even in giving this caution; but I am your friend. Have you any orders for me? Can I serve you on my return to St. Petersburgh?" Poor Frogere melted into tears. Instead of replying to the questions, he only bewailed having to undergo a punishment for an unknown crime. "An unknown crime?" said the officer. "Don't you, then, know what you have done? Are you mad, Frogere? Have you forgotten the sarcastic jest you made at the imperial table? It has offended the Emperor; you are punished because there was so much truth in it." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the exile; "and am I to suffer so severely for such a trifle?" "Hush! be silent!" whispered the other; "walls have ears. But, not to waste time, listen, Frogere. I am the only one whom you know: henceforth, during your long journey, you will see faces wholly unknown to you. The Emperor, you are aware, is immoveable in his resolves, and inexorable in his wrath. You had better, therefore, be resigned to your fate: you have nothing to hope. Tell me, then, quickly, what I can do for you." "Speak for me to his Majesty." "Not a word of that," said his friend. "Ask anything but that." "If that be the case," said poor Frogere, "I have nothing to ask." "And your money and trinkets," rejoined the officer, "you have left them all behind. Can I lodge them safely for you somewhere, until your return?" "My return!" gasped Frogere; "then I am not exiled for life?" "Of course not—only for three years. Take courage; they will soon pass away—and then——"—"Three years for an innocent word!" whined Frogere, and began anew to cry and complain. But at this moment the soldiers entered, and, bandaging his eyes, they lifted him into the vehicle, and away it rolled again. It seemed a very long stage—for Frogere calculated that he had travelled a whole day, when the vehicle again stopped. As before, he was bandaged and led into a wretched hut, a counterpart of the first, and lighted by a piece of blazing pine-wood. The same coarse food was again placed before him. He looked at the faces around him. None that he knew—none that inspired him with comfort. After several and similar journeys, the vehicle again stopped. By Frogere's estimate, as well as he could tell, he had travelled three days and nights. His eyes were bandaged as before; but, instead of being led, his guides seized him, and carried him for some time, until they placed him upon a wooden bench. He waited for a few moments, and wondered why the bandage was not removed. At last he heard soft whisperings, and then quick steps approaching. His hands were suddenly seized, and tied behind his back. He tremblingly asked what it meant, but received no reply. In another moment his coat was torn off his shoulders, and his breast laid bare. Frogere now thought that eternity, instead of Siberia, was to be the goal of his journey. "Take aim!" was the command of one whose voice he thought he knew—"*Fire!*" and several shots were at once discharged. Frogere fell senseless to the ground. He was raised, unwounded, and whilst he was borne along he became sensible of a division of soldiers marching past him. Having been placed on a chair, his hands were unbound, and the bandage removed. He then found himself in the same room, at the same table, and in the same company, where the unhappy *bon mot* had escaped him. Opposite to him sat the Emperor. The astonishment, terror, and doubt, which alternately reflected in the poor actor's face, so greatly excited the risible faculties of Paul, that the entire company joined heartily in the mirth. Frogere fell in a swoon. The whole terrible trip had only lasted twenty-four hours. The Emperor had accompanied him in disguise all the time, and found immense delight in the prisoner's painful sufferings. Though used to comedies, it was long before the actor recovered from the sad dream of that imperial farce.—*Michelson's Life of Nicholas the First.*

THE RICHEST MAN IN VIRGINIA.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Whig.]

Gentlemen: I have thought, for some time, I would write for your paper something in relation to the richest man in Virginia, and the largest slaveholder in the Union, and perhaps in the world, unless the serfs of Russia be considered slaves; and the wish expressed in your paper, a few days ago, to know whom it was so wealthy in Virginia, induces me to write this now.

Samuel Hairston, of Pittsylvania, is the gentleman. When I was in his section, a year or two ago, he was the owner of between 1,600 and 1,700 slaves, in his own right, having but a little while before taken a census. He also has a prospective right to about 1,000 slaves more, which are now owned by his mother-in-law, Mrs. R. Hairston, he having married her only child. He now has the management of them, which makes the number of his slaves reach near three thousand. They increase at the rate of near one hundred every year; he has to purchase a large plantation every year to settle them on. A large number of his plantations are in Henry and Patrick counties, Virginia. He has large estates in North Carolina. His landed property in Stokes alone is assessed at $600,000. His wealth is differently estimated at from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000; and I should think it was nearer the latter. You think he has a hard lot, but I assure you Mr. Hairston manages all his matters as easy as most persons would an estate of $10,000. He has overseers who are compelled to give him a written statement of what has been made and spent on each plantation, and his negroes are all clothed and fed from his own domestic manufacture; and raising his own tobacco crop, which is immensely large, as so much clear gain every year, beside his increase in negroes, which is a fortune of itself.

And now for his residence. I have travelled over fifteen States of this Union, and have never seen anything comparable to his yard and garden, except some of those in the Mississippi delta, and none of them equal to it. Mrs. Hairston has been beautifying it for years; and a good old minister, in preaching near the place, and describing Paradise, said, "it was as beautiful as Mrs. Hairston's"; or, as a friend who visited Washington City for the first time remarked, that "the public grounds were nearly as handsome as Samuel Hairston's." He is a plain, unassuming gentleman, and has never made any noise in the world, though he could vie with the Bruces, the McDonoughs and Astors; and it is strange that, while their wealth is co-extensive with the Union, he is not known one hundred miles from home. I believe he is now the wealthiest man in the Union, as Wm. B. Astor is only worth about $4,000,000, and the estates of city people are vastly overrated, while Mr. Hairston can show the property that will bring the cash at any moment.

Mr. Hairston was raised within a few miles of where he now lives, in Henry county. He has several brothers, who are pretty well to do in the world. One of them, Marshall Hairston, of Henry, owns more than 700 negroes; Robert Hairston, who now lives in Mississippi, near 1,000, and Harden Hairston, who has also moved to Mississippi, about 600 slaves. George Hairston, of Henry, has given most all of his property to his children, reserving only about 150 slaves for his own use. This, I believe, is a correct statement of the circumstances of the Hairston family.

American Prejudice Against Colour.—In the Southern States of America, where the blacks are held as slaves, and each person looking upon his victim as an inferior being, created for the sole purpose of serving him, it could scarcely be expected otherwise than that a prejudice would exist on the part of the whites against the blacks. But in the North States, where there is no Slavery, and where the people profess to be free and enlightened, this wicked and unfeeling prejudice against a fellow creature, simply on account of his colour (which, after all, is only skin deep), appears to us inexplicable. Yet it is true that in nearly all the free States coloured people are shut out from religious, social, and political gatherings. In every free State west of New York the blacks are deprived of the elective franchise, no matter how intelligent they are, or what may be the amount of property they possess. Yet these people are taxed for the support of public schools, from which their own children are excluded.

In the State of New York where the people claim to be more enlightened than their Western neighbours, the negroes are allowed the franchise provided they own £50 of real estate. Yet in New York, the children of coloured people are not allowed to attend schools with whites. Nearly all public conveyances either exclude blacks, or allow them to travel as inferiors. If they go on steamers, they must remain on the deck; if in coaches or omnibuses, on the outside; if upon the rail, in the "Jim Crow" carriage.

A few years since, the Rev. Theodore S. Wright, one of the most respectable and eloquent clergymen of New York, after taking a passage for himself, wife, and child, on board of an East river steamer, bound from Providence to New York, and after paying their fares as first cabin passengers, were turned out of the cabin after the boat had left the wharf, and compelled to remain on deck during a passage of twelve hours on a cold night in December. The result of this treatment is well known among the coloured people of the free States. Mrs. Wright took a severe cold, which caused her death in a few weeks. From nearly all the religious churches of that land the coloured people are excluded, or if admitted at all, are sent to places set apart for them. These isolated spots are known as the negro pews. This unnatural and unchristian prejudice against an unoffending and innocent people is, we conceive, one of the most pernicious and hateful results of the slave system. Everybody must regard the education and elevation of the free coloured people of the northern states and Canada as a great and powerful lever to overthrow Slavery in the southern States; and no one can view but with regret the barrier which this caste places in the way of the social, religious, and political elevation of these people. We have been led to make these remarks from the contrast which the treatment that coloured Americans receive in this country compared with that of their own. It is not yet three years since two coloured girls landed in this country from the United States to join their father, a fugitive, who was exiled by the infamous slave law of 1850. On their arrival in this country these girls were admitted upon terms of equality into one of the best schools in France they subsequently returned to London, and went through a course of 18 months training at the Home and Colonial School, noted as one of the most superb training institutions in the country. At the examination in December last, these young women were found to possess qualities and education which warranted their being made teachers of the young, and they were both placed as mistresses over schools, and in which capacities they have given the highest satisfaction. The youngest of the girls, only 15 years of age, has a school of 100 pupils, some of them 16 years of age. Facts like these cannot fail to tell against the system of chattel slavery in the Southern States, where they talk so much of the inferiority of the negro race, while they must, at the same time, be encouraging to the noble band of Abolitionists in the North, who are labouring so assiduously for the final emancipation of their coloured brethren. These young girls to whom we have alluded are the daughters of Mr. Wells Brown.—*London Advertiser.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

No small surprise, says the London *Globe*, has been created by the removal of the celebrated Whittington stone from its time-honoured site within a few weeks. Whether torn and borne away by ruthless hands is not known, but an inquiry, it is hoped will be deemed necessary.

—— A Contemporary of the Emperor Buonaparte.—There lives at Valence a woman who used to bring his dinner to Lieutenant Buonaparte. On his leaving the town he gave her 12fr., with which she bought a dress which she now puts on every year on the St. Napoleon. She enjoys a pension of 600fr. a-year.

—— On palm Sunday three hundred palm branches blessed by the Pope, were sent to the French general commanding the army of occupation in Rome to be distributed to officers who had asked for them. Last year so many French officers came in person to beg for palm branches from the Pope's hand that the ceremony of the benediction was prolonged to an inconvenient extent, and therefore, his Holiness, on the present occasion, determined to bestow his blessing upon the amount of wood required in a more comprehensive and less fatiguing manner.

——It is remarked